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Popular Pictures

Facsimile Reproductions in Colour of Popular Pictures Selected from the World's Great Galleries

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With an Introduction by
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THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY

★ ★

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HEADS OF ANGELS

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723–1792)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"That sketch of four cherub heads from an English girl by Sir Joshua Reynolds," wrote Ruskin in *The Queen of the Air*, "is an incomparably finer thing than ever the Greeks did. Ineffably tender in the touch, yet Herculean in power; innocent, yet exalted in feeling; pure in colour as a pearl; reserved and decisive in design. . . . . if it were a picture by Zeuxis, the only one left in the world, and you built a shrine for it, and were allowed to see it only seven days in a year, it alone would teach you all of art that you ever needed to know."

It is curious that Ruskin should have referred to this delightful composition in such glowing terms and yet have made a mistake in the number of the heads—there are five, *not* four. They were painted from one model, the beautiful little Frances Isabella, daughter of Lord William Gordon, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1787. More than fifty years afterwards (1841) the canvas was presented to the National Gallery by Lady William Gordon.

Sir Edward Poynter has written of this exquisite work by his great predecessor in the Presidential chair, "This masterpiece of Sir Joshua's, considering the originality of the conception, the beauty of the child, the exquisite tenderness of the flesh painting and the masterly drawing and expression, is perhaps the most perfect achievement in child portraiture that art has ever produced."

Two years after this canvas was exhibited the eyesight of the great artist began to fail him; his work as a painter was practically finished, and in 1792 he died. "How various the fellow is!" Gainsborough once exclaimed of him, and when we look from this wondrous sketch of these "Angels' Heads" to the majestic "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," or the "Lord Heathfield," we are impelled to echo the exclamation. He could arrest at once, with that facile brush, the spiritual beauty of the child, the majestic *hauteur* of the "Queen of Tragedy," or the dignity of the great soldier.

MOTHERLESS

By ARTHUR STOCKS (1844–1899)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

The question of the introduction of sentiment into art is one that has always met with a disapproving response by the advocates of "greatness" in art. Critics have sneered at anything that approaches to sentiment in pictures. They dismiss such works contemptuously, but, on the other hand, the great public always find comfort in such. It is the pictures that appeal to their humanity rather than to their æsthetic sense, which become to them "the pictures of the year," in spite of the protests of the superior persons who tell them that such works are not worthy of notice. Some drama of domestic life, some heartrending tragedy, some love story that has gone awry, some simple phase of child-life—all these appeal to the great heart of the public by touching some chord of human passion or emotion, and find favour thereby. There is no reason it should not be so. Art is many-tongued, and while some of her utterances make vain appeals to many, to others the message comes with overwhelming force. "Art becomes the reflex of all that Nature has ever said to any one of us, at every time, in every place. To one troubled with feverous dreams, a cloud stretched across the horizon may seem sinister in the extreme—to another the same cloud may seem gracious with the coming rain."

So this picture by Mr. Stocks, complete in its technical excellence, appeals frankly to the humanity of those who look at it. It appeals with its story of loss and sorrow—the heritage of mankind—its story of a love that is dead, but yet lives in the heart of the man to whom it is the greatest treasure of his life. To those who think that art should deal with nothing but beauty and the joy of living it makes no appeal, but to the great number, familiar with "labour and sorrow," it contains much that appeals with force to their humanity and its emotions.

THE IDLE SERVANT

By NICOLAS MAES (1632–1693)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

The work of the great "little" masters of the Netherlands is among the most interesting art products of the seventeenth century. For the most part these Dutch painters were content to find their subjects in the scenes of the daily life of their native towns and villages. The classic stories contained no appeal for them: religion made no claims upon their art as it did upon that of the painters of Italy. They found everything they wanted in the streets, the courtyards of the houses, in the houses themselves, in the unimportant, matter of fact incidents of domestic life. And on their little canvases or panels they invested these portrayals of "the daily round, the common task" with beauty by the sheer excellence of their workmanship. Imagination entered not at all into their work: they merely painted what they saw, and did it with whole-hearted joy and fidelity, with infinite care and painstaking. Slovenliness, either in drawing or colour, is never apparent in their work: the meanest accessory in their pictures is given as much attention as the most important figure: they gave their best in all they undertook.

Of none can this more justly be said than of Nicolas Maes—or Maas, as he is sometimes called—who was born at Dordrecht in 1632. Very little is known of him beyond that in his earlier years he worked in Rembrandt's studio in Amsterdam, and afterwards went to live in Antwerp. In 1693 he returned to Amsterdam and died there in that year. The influence of the great master is evident in much of the work of Maes, especially in his schemes of light and shade.

"The Idle Servant" is the best of four subject pictures by Maes which hang in our National Gallery, indeed one of the best examples of his work to be seen anywhere. In its small area of 27 × 21 inches it is a masterpiece of its kind.

THE GIUDECCA, VENICE

By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775–1851)

IN THE LEICESTER ART GALLERY

It was in 1833 that Turner's first picture of Venice was exhibited, a picture that was purchased by Mr. Vernon for 200 guineas—a transaction which drew from the artist the comment, "If they will have scraps they must pay for them." Venice to Turner seemed a city of enchantment, and all his paintings of "the glorious city by the sea" betray the spell which it cast upon him. "At Venice," says Ruskin, "he found freedom of space, brilliancy of light, variety of colour, massy simplicity of general form; and to Venice we owe many of the motives in which his highest powers of colour have been displayed."

That Turner idealised his pictures of Venice is an accepted fact. It is recorded that on one occasion he and Clarkson Stanfield made a sketch on the Giudecca Canal almost from the same spot. Stanfield's was accurate in every particular, but Turner played pranks with the actualities—he adapted the scene to his imagination—and yet his picture was essentially the most like of the two. The two canvases are now in the National Gallery—Stanfield's "Venice: The Canal of the Giudecca" (No. 407), and Turner's "Approach to Venice: Looking towards Fusina" (No. 534).

"The sun is God" were almost the last words that Turner uttered, and he certainly did all he could to honour and glorify his deity in his work. No other painter of any age or country ever painted sunlight as he did, but no one ever studied its effects, its beauty and its glory as he did.

The Giudecca is the name given to an island off Venice on account, it is said, of the number of Jews who inhabited it: it is separated from the city by the Giudecca Canal, which in olden days formed the main passage of approach for travellers from Fusina. The island is now given up to the poorer citizens of Venice.

This picture was loaned by the South Kensington authorities to the Leicester Gallery at its institution, and has remained there ever since.

By permission of the Corporation of Leicester.

HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS

By J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

IN THE MANCHESTER ART GALLERY

The realm of classic myth and story affords an inexhaustible wealth of subject for painters of the ideal. The interpretation thereof affords ample scope to the imaginative and creative faculties of the artist, while the possibilities of composition, form and colour are almost illimitable. Among the artists of to-day who have fallen under the spell of myth and fable, Mr. Waterhouse stands pre-eminent; his art has been devoted almost consistently to it since, in 1874, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, when he was represented by the picture "Sleep and his brother, Death." The fact that his earliest years were spent in Rome, and that classic stories formed his favourite reading in boyhood probably had some influence upon the bent of his art, when the decision to choose painting as a profession was finally made. From the first Mr. Waterhouse impressed both his fellow-artists and the critics with the thoughtfulness of his work: he is always serious and thorough. By his election in 1885 to an Associateship of the Royal Academy, and to the full membership ten years afterwards, the appreciation of the Academy of these sterling qualities was fully shown.

It was in 1897 that the "Hylas and the Nymphs" was exhibited at Burlington House, and in the same year it was purchased for the Manchester Gallery.

Hylas was a beautiful youth, son of Theodanus, King of Mysia, who was taken from his home by Hercules. With some companions he was landed on the Asiatic coast to obtain a supply of water. While filling his pitcher he fell into the pool and was drowned. The ancient poets wove a thread of romance into the story, and so the death of Hylas has been ascribed to the nymphs who became enamoured of the boy's beauty, and with their embraces dragged him to his doom.

OIL PAINTING

"NORHAM CASTLE"

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

SIR GEORGE REID, R.S.A.

(By permission of J. Irvine Smith, Esq.)

DOWN TO THE DREGS

By J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

IN THE WOLVERHAMPTON ART GALLERY

The reputation of Mr. Seymour Lucas as a painter of historical pictures, of pleasant groups of musicians in seventeenth century costume, of little figures à la Meissonier of the same period is firmly established. His work since he made his début at the Academy in 1872 has never failed to attract popular attention, and whether the painting be a serious historical work, such as "The Gordon Riots," or an anecdotal sidelight of history like "After Culloden: Rebel Hunting," or again, a semi-humorous "bit" like "Down to the Dregs," every one is convinced that the painter is absolutely accurate in every particular of the costume and in the scene depicted. For apart from the artistic reputation there is that of the archæologist, of the expert on armour and costume. It has been said of him that "No one in the civilised world knows better than he how tall felt hats had grown to be in 1650, or the exact stature of a riding-boot in 1580. In harquebusiers and reiters, Meissonier would probably give him points, but we would back Mr. Lucas against the world in Roundhead cuirassiers. But in him, as it appears to us, the costume, exactly seen and rendered as it is, is after all only the external ornament. In realising a scene of historical manners, his great familiarity with dress enables him to see distinctly and rapidly what a less perfect student would see vaguely and slowly, just as we ourselves, in reading of an incident that happened in London yesterday, may call up without an effort the chimney-pot hat and regulation trousers. But all this knowledge does not prevent Mr. Lucas from seeing the man underneath the costume; on the contrary, his historical imagination prevents him from dwelling too laboriously on the dress, a question which it settles easily once and for all."

Mr. Seymour Lucas was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1886, and an Academician in 1898.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY, IN BLACK, WITH WHITE CAP AND RUFF

By REMBRANDT (1606–1669)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

It is a prosaic title for so wonderful a work! Of all the wonderful canvases by the Dutch miller's son in our National Gallery there is none so wondrously wrought as this! So far as the London collection goes this is *the* "Old Lady" by Rembrandt—she is distinguished by the definite article: she is supreme, loved by all who know her. Not beautiful in herself, but there is such a kindly shrewdness in her keen eyes. Such a matter-of-fact old dame, that we are sure that Rembrandt took no liberties with her portrait; she sits just as she sat before the artist, "wrinkles and all," the embodiment of a healthy old Dutch lady, at the age—as the inscription on the left of the canvas informs us—of 83. By a common error she is called "Rembrandt's Mother"; but though he painted many portraits of his mother this is not one of them. But so often had she sat as model to her talented son that the experience enabled him at the age of twenty-eight—for the balancing signature on the other side of the portrait has the accompanying date 1634—to paint this old lady "to the life" when the opportunity occurred to do so.

There is in existence at the British Museum a copy of this portrait in Indian ink drawn by the engraver Jan Stolker, which gives the name of the subject as Françoise van Wasserhoven. It may be correct, although Stolker was not born until fifty-five years after Rembrandt died, poor and forgotten by his contemporaries, and had been laid to rest in the Westerkerk at Amsterdam.

What a tragedy the man's life was! See him at eighteen turning away from Lastmann's studio to return home, boldly and self-reliantly "to study and practise painting alone, and *in his own way*." See him fighting towards success and prosperity on these lines—then comes the cruel blow of the death of his beloved Saskia, and then afterwards the veering of worldly fortune, the bankruptcy, the death of the brave Hendrikje Stoffels, and then of his idolised son Titus, and finally the struggle for subsistence for his own little daughter Cornelia and the still younger grand-daughter Titia. How sad the final record concerning him in the Westerkerk register: "Tuesday, 8 October, 1669, Rembrandt van Ryn, painter, in the Rosengracht, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

THURSDAY

By W. DENDY SADLER

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON.

Humour in Art requires deft treatment, for it can so easily border on the vulgar and banal. It is the difficulty which confronts every humorist of the pencil—to keep the right side of the border-line; to the painter who essays humour in his work the difficulty is increased a hundred-fold. Mr. Dendy Sadler has, however, long overcome it, and proved that humour, good-natured, refined, laughter-provoking, can be introduced into pictures entirely successfully. Not that humour is the principal feature of his work by any means. Mr. Sadler has the craft of the painter at his finger ends, and all that he does is thorough to the point of excellence. Neither is humour the main *motif* of the picture: it is merely incidental, but it is sufficient to infuse the whole subject.

In "Thursday," for instance, there is nothing humorous in the subject, as a subject—a party of monks preparing for the "fast" table of Friday. But the characterisation of the monks is brimful of quiet, suggestive humour.

Painted in 1880, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year, "Thursday" was the first of a series of "monk" pictures painted by Mr. Sadler, and struck such an unusual note of success that he was led to follow with the others—"Friday," "It's Always the Largest Fish that's Lost," "Habet," etc. "Thursday" was one of the first pictures purchased by Sir Henry Tate in the formation of the collection which he afterwards presented to the nation.

In his pictures of more recent years Mr. Sadler has found expression for his humour in subjects staged in the Georgian era, and in them has achieved even greater success. Who does not know his delightful old ladies and gentlemen—the "Darby and Joan," "The Widow's Birthday," "Old and Crusted," and the rest, with their delicate touch of humour, or their still more delicate touch of sentiment? As one writer has said of him: "He has given us a gallery of characters—monks, sportsmen, lawyers, merchants, the eccentrics and the macaronis of their day—all English, all typical, and yet each of them individual. And in putting before us the comedy of that Georgian period, he has been a genial, almost a tender, satirist of its foibles, and an accurate historian of its motives and inner life."

LA LAITIÈRE *(The Milkmaid)*

By J. B. GREUZE (1725-1805)

IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

Among the pretty artificialities of Greuze none is prettier or more engaging than this charming, piquant "Milkmaid." But she is no milkmaid really; probably never saw a cow, and if she did she would follow the impulse of every city-bred girl—tuck up her skirts and run! Nevertheless, she helped Greuze to paint a pretty picture, and one of the most successful he ever painted. So we forgive the departure from truth to nature in our admiration of the picture.

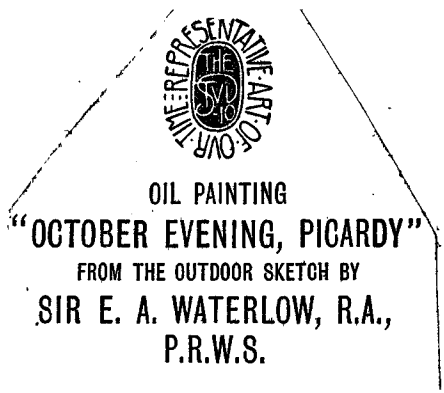
Greuze was one of the many victims of the Revolution. Before the cataclysm descended upon Paris he was the favourite of Fortune: he was amassing money in spite of the curse of a faithless, extravagant wife; a visit to his studio became a fashionable society function in which royalty and the nobility led the way.

Then came the storm; the wealth vanished, and the reputation was forgotten. "Who is king to-day, then?" was poor Greuze's ironical question to David, the man who had supplanted him in popular favour.

Poverty crushing and overpowering was his lot when, after the *débâcle*, Napoleon had established his régime. He received a commission from the Government, but had to ask for payment in advance. "I have lost everything," he wrote to the Minister of the Interior, "but my talent and my courage. I am seventy-five years of age, and have not a single commission for a picture: indeed, this is the most painful moment of my life."

Five years later, with the weight of dire poverty and distress still upon him he passed from the world. It is said that when Napoleon was informed of it, he raged, "Dead! poor and neglected! Why did he not speak? I would have given him a pitcher made of Sèvres china, filled to the brim with gold, for every copy of his 'Broken Pitcher.'"

This picture of "The Milkmaid" was included in the bequest of Baroness Rothschild to the Louvre in 1899.



OIL PAINTING

"OCTOBER EVENING, PICARDY"

FROM THE OUTDOOR SKETCH BY

SIR E. A. WATERLOW, R.A.,
P.R.W.S.

THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN

By ARTHUR T. NOWELL

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

Decoration, rather than illustration, must be accepted as the artist's main motive in the production of this picture, and as such it ranks highly among recent attempts to visualise the scene described in Genesis. As an illustration, of course, it has missed an important point in the Bible narrative, for we are told that, after the Fall and before the expulsion from the Garden, "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them" (Gen. iii. 21).

The angels, too, do not suggest the stern guardians of the gate, and help to emphasise the symbolic decorativeness aimed at by the painter, and indicated further in the poppies at the left of the picture—symbols of the sleep of death—and in the thistles and briers at the right—symbols of the hardships that were to beset the future path of mankind.

Perhaps the simple word-picture of the narrative presents the scene more vividly: "Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man: and he placed at the East of the garden of Eden, cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

While Milton's genius embellishes it thus:—

> "High in front advanced,
> The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
> Fierce as a comet, which, with torrid heat,
> And vapour as the Lydian air adust,
> Began to parch their temperate clime; whereat
> In either hand the hastening Angel caught
> Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
> Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
> To the subjected plain: then disappeared.
> They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
> Of Paradise, so late their happy seat
> Waved over by that flaming brand: the gate
> With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
> . . . . . .
> They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

PORTRAIT OF CORNELIUS VANDER GEEST

By SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK (1599—1641)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

This wonderful work of portraiture was generally supposed to represent Caspar Gevartius, a great friend of Rubens, and even now, by many it is still referred to by that name. But from an engraving by P. Pontus it has been identified as Cornelius Vander Geest another intimate friend of both Rubens and Van Dyck. Sir Edward Poynter has expressed the opinion that it is "perhaps the most perfect head ever painted by this consummate painter. Not only for the brilliancy and purity of its flesh tints, the masterly drawing, and the vitality of the expression does it rank as one of the masterpieces of portraiture existing; but for the brushwork, of which every touch expresses with supreme dexterity all the varieties of form, surface, and texture, it is unsurpassed, perhaps unrivalled, in the history of painting."

A curious fact concerning the work is that, although the picture as a whole is painted on a panel, the head is done on some other material which is fixed upon or in the wood. Many critics declare the head to be the work of Rubens, under whose tutelage Van Dyck lived for four years. However this may be, Van Dyck "used to consider it his masterpiece, and before he had gained his great reputation, carried it about with him from court to court, and patron to patron, to show what he could do as a portrait painter."

It was in 1632 that Charles I. invited Van Dyck to come to England, and established him as his court painter. He was given a lodging in Blackfriars, a country house at Eltham, and a pension of £200 per year for life. In 1633 a knighthood was bestowed upon him, and he lived in great state. "He always went magnificently dressed, had a numerous and gallant equipage, and kept so good a table in his apartments that few princes were more visited or better served." All the nobility flocked to him for portraits, and the number of such works ascribed to him is, of course, enormous. But in 1887 a hundred and sixty-six authentic canvases were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Van Dyck died in London on December 9th, 1641, and was buried in Old St. Paul's. He left property to the value of £20,000.

THE GIRL AT THE GATE

By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Of the painters of the peasantry, Mr. George Clausen takes chief rank among English artists. None other of his countrymen has reached his plane in this direction; he stands supreme as the laureate painter of English agricultural life. He has done for it what Millet and Bastien-Lepage did for that of their own country, and inasmuch as they had both achieved distinction before Mr. Clausen "discovered" the beauty, pathos, and poetry of English rural life, they may be said to have influenced his work. There is no doubt whatever that he has great admiration for their work, but at the same time it has not affected his individuality. An opinion of these two great Frenchmen expressed by Mr. Clausen some years ago throws an interesting light upon his own work. He wrote, "With Millet the subject and type were everything: the individual nothing. He was passionately moved by his subject, and once its action and sentiment were expressed, everything was subordinate to them. He cared nothing for the smaller truths of detail, provided the general impression was true to his mental image. Lepage, on the contrary, appears to avoid communicating his mental impression. He will give you the visual impression as truly as he possibly can—you may find, as he has found, pathos and poetry in it, but for his part he will not help you with any comment of his own."

The last sentence might equally be applied to Mr. Clausen in connection with "The Girl at the Gate." The title is bald, unsuggestive, but the painting of the girl—the pose, the expression—how full it is of pathos and poetry! There is a hint of tragedy, of unfulfilled desires and hopes, of dreams and an awakening, but the painter is content to leave it at that: his reticence but emphasises his art.

The picture was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1890, and was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in that year. Mr. Clausen was born in 1852, and studied at South Kensington and under Edwin Long, R.A. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1895, and a full member in 1908.

THE FRUGAL MEAL

By JOSEF ISRAELS

IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY

Holland produced some of the greatest painters of the seventeenth century, and two hundred years afterwards the land of dykes and canals was equally noteworthy in this respect. The works of the brothers Maris, Anton Mauve, and Josef Israels have added further lustre to the art records of their country, and have become the desired possessions of collectors throughout the world. The last-named, though he was born as long ago as 1827, is still living at the Hague, and has thus enjoyed the satisfaction denied to so many artists of seeing their work universally appreciated and honoured.

A child of the Ghetto, Israels was intended first for the Rabbinate, but was afterwards placed in his father's bill-broking office at Groningen, the little town in North Holland where he was born. But the love of drawing manifested itself so strongly that, when he was about fifteen, his father consented to his going to Amsterdam to study art. At nineteen, he determined to go to Paris, and although his father could allow him but £40 a year, he lived there for two years, studying first under Picot and then at the École des Beaux Arts. In 1848 he returned to Amsterdam and started work as an historical painter, only to meet with disappointments —the greatest of all with himself. His health broke down under the strain, and he went to the little fishing village of Zandvoort to recruit. There he found health, both physically and in his art. He was fascinated by the patience, dignified poverty and pathos of the humble fisher-folk, and painted his first picture based on their experiences, "Past Mother's Grave." From that time he has sought no other inspiration; he found his *métier* and adhered to it. The "homely joys" and sorrows of the Dutch fisher-folk have engaged his brush ever since. That close association with the poor should have influenced his art towards sombreness and sadness is but natural, for they are the prevailing notes of poverty, but withal he has seen the beauty of pathos, and expressed it in his work.

His great picture, "The Shipwrecked Fishermen," which attracted such attention at the International Exhibition of 1862, now hangs in our National Gallery.

By Permission of the Corporation of Glasgow

THE TEMPTATION OF SIR PERCIVAL

By ARTHUR HACKER, R.A.

IN THE LEEDS ART GALLERY

The story of Sir Percival, that noble and perfect knight, who, with Sir Bors and Sir Galahad, accomplished the quest of the Holy Graal, is embodied in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur." He, with the other two knights, saw, with his eyes, the Saviour enter the wafer which the Bishop presented to them. "He smote Himself into that Bread" as Malory has it, and thus succeeded in the task which had so disturbed the company of knighthood. In the incident portrayed in Mr. Hacker's picture he enacts the part of Sir Anthony, though the picture does not altogether illustrate Malory's narrative, for the old scribe relates that the knight's awakening did not take place until after he had partaken of the draught offered by the enchantress. The story runs that in the course of his travels after adventure he came across a wondrous "faire ladye" in great distress, whom, in accordance with his knightly vow, he seeks to succour. She proves, of course, to be something other than she seems—"a snake in the grass," a dangerous creature, whose object is to lure him from the path of integrity and uprightness. He had allowed himself to drink from her accursed cup, when the truth was revealed to him that he was on a dangerous course, that by yielding to her blandishments he would be lost for ever. "By adventure and grace he sees his sword lye upon the ground all naked, in whose pommel was a red crosse, and the sign of the crosse therein, he bethought him of his knighthood. Then he made the sign of the crosse upon his forehead, and therewithal the pavilion turned upside down, and then it changed into a smoke and a blacke cloud"—victory was assured, and he was "saved from the feend."

The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1894.

Mr. Arthur Hacker studied first at the British Museum, whence, with his drawings from the antique, he passed into the Academy schools. He exhibited his first picture at Burlington House in 1878, when he was nineteen years of age. Two years later he went to Paris and studied under Bonnat. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1894, and an Academician in 1910.

By permission of the Corporation of London

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A. (1829—1896)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

In this picture Millais epitomised the spirit of Arctic adventure: the daring, hardihood, and perseverance of the brave seekers after that mysterious link which was believed to exist between the Atlantic and the Pacific to the north of the frozen shores of North America—the famed North-West Passage. Through long generations of mariners extending from Frobisher and Davis in the 16th century to Sir John Franklin in the 19th, the hopes of its discovery remained unfulfilled. Expedition after expedition ventured forth to wrest the secret from the icy north and one after the other met with failure and disappointment. On May 19, 1845, Franklin sailed away in the *Erebus* and *Terror*—never to return. For fifteen years his fate remained unknown, and then McClintock discovered evidence that the explorer and all his men had lost their lives. In 1879-80 an exploring party from America found traces of the expedition which proved that Franklin had actually solved the great secret—had sailed through the North-West Passage before death had claimed him. Furthermore it was proved that all the efforts of long years of suffering and research were fruitless, inasmuch as the North-West Passage was utterly useless for commercial purposes.

Millais endeavoured then, in this picture with its sub-title "It might be done and England should do it," to show something of that "fierce native daring" of his countrymen which had been expended on Arctic exploration. The picture was painted in 1874 when the artist was in the fullness of his power and it contains some of the finest work he ever did. For the figure of the old sailor he had as model Trelawney the friend of Shelley and Byron, who sat to him, as Millais said, "because I was a great friend of John Leech whom he admired so much." Mr. Spielmann has written of the work, "It is a picture of the Rule-Britannia kind, but of a very high order: its sentiment, the Union Jack, and the determined old mariner inspired by genuine patriotism (his grog is still untouched), combine in a picture to inspire respect and even admiration for the subject, apart from the artistic quality. This quality is, indeed, the real triumph of the canvas: executed with an ardour and enthusiasm, and with a dashing brilliancy and boldness that well befit the sentiment; it is popular for its greater merits as well as for its minor ones."

THE DOG IN THE MANGER

By WALTER HUNT

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

The Landseer tradition is not yet completely lost and to many he is still the beau-ideal of animal painters. To such the work of the present generation is never realised: the glamour of the great mid-Victorian still forbids them to recognise merit in the animal pictures executed subsequently to "The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" or "Dignity and Impudence." They acknowledge no other worker in the domain of painting who ventures to portray animals and their doings: to Landseer alone is accorded their homage and admiration. The result is that the animal painter of to-day has not only to contend with the difficulties that are common to all artists, but has the additional force of this prejudice to reckon with. Let it be said at once, without any belittling of Landseer's technical skill that since his day there has been produced much work in the way of animal-painting that is far more conscientious, far more honest than his, and withal of equal excellence technically. There are animal painters who can paint animals—dogs, horses, what you will—in a manner that is beyond criticism from the technical point of view, and can, *à la* Landseer, make them suggest a story without losing in the least their animal character, thereby accomplishing something that Landseer often failed to do.

Mr. Hunt's "Dog in the Manger" is a case in point. Here is humour of a quietly suggestive kind, an incident in the animal world that might be a record of fact, there are technical excellences that are apparent to every one—but his calves retain their bovine character and the sleeping puppy, oblivious of his share in the incident, has no suggestion of anything but puppyhood. And so in all his work Mr. Hunt reveals his study of animal form and character—a study which he has adhered to from the time when he was thirteen and sold his first picture. It was in 1885 that "The Dog in the Manger" was exhibited at the Royal Academy and purchased from there by the Chantrey Trustees, while other pictures in the Sunderland and Melbourne Galleries, testify to the official appreciation that has been bestowed upon his work.

SAMSON

By SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

When exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887 this dramatic picture was hailed with acclamation as one of the most daring works of the younger generation of artists. Said one writer, "By far the most stimulating fact to be chronicled of the Royal Academy is to be found in the vigour and freshness of some of our younger painters. The attempt may be occasionally allied to rash endeavour, the ideal may be imperfectly realised, yet when knowledge and zeal go hand in hand with daring—as in Mr. Solomon's 'Samson,' perhaps the most ambitious picture of the year—it is impossible not to feel that the Academy has gained greatly as a representative institution in thus enlarging its borders. Experimental, in a sense, such a work may be, but experiment even when carried out with less than half the power and conviction of Mr. Solomon, is something better than stagnation and altogether the best presage of renewed health in the body artistic that just now could be desired." Within ten years of that time—in 1896—Mr. Solomon had been elected an Associate, and in yet another decade (1906) a full member of the Academy. It was in 1886 that his "Cassandra" was hung on the end wall of Room No. VIII. of Burlington House, a dominating position where it could be seen through the vista of the three preceding rooms, a position which was accorded to him for several subsequent years, with "Samson" (1887), "Niobe" (1888), "The Judgment of Paris" (1890), "Orpheus" (1891) and "Hippolyta" (1892).

In "Samson" Mr. Solomon displayed the virility of his talent to the full. This swirl of strife is a perfect realisation of the scene that must have ensued when the traitorous Delilah—has there ever been such a successful presentation, too, of this byword among women?—exclaimed "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!"

Mr. Solomon entered Heatherley's school at the age of sixteen and then passed into the Royal Academy Schools. Thence he went to Paris and studied under Cabanel, and then on to Munich. A journey through Italy and another through Spain and Morocco were accomplished before he finally settled in London.

IN TIME OF WAR

By THOMAS FAED, R.A. (1826—1900)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

From a millwright's cottage to the Council Chamber of the Royal Academy is a far cry, and that such a course was traversed goes far to prove the democratism of Art. Thomas Faed it was who accomplished it, the painter of the peasantry of his native land. Sir John Millais once referred to some young artists who "painted with a broken French accent" and in the same way it might be said that Faed painted in pure "braid Scots." He knew from personal knowledge the pathos and sadness of poverty, and he painted that he knew. An acute observer from childhood, nothing was lost upon him—the characteristics of the people, the beauty of the scenery round his home—and he exercised both eye and hand in the effort to translate them in pencil. He impressed his playmates to "stand" to him in his father's kiln-house and all his spare time was devoted to practice in drawing. An elder brother, John, had already gone to Edinburgh to study as an artist and he insisted on Thomas going too, and at the age of sixteen the boy entered the Trustees Academy, under Sir William Allan. At twenty-three he was elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy and three years later he went to London. In 1855 he captured popular fancy with his picture "Mitherless Bairns," which depicted an actual experience of Scottish rural life. Realism, indeed, was the keynote of all his work. "So-called imagination is nothing more or less than a superior capacity for observation" he once said.

A good story is related of the artist in this connection. He was painting a water-colour of a Scotch "Granny" seated in her cabin, when the old lady's daughter came in and made a lengthy inspection of the work. "Ech, Sir" she broke out at length, "that's awesome like my mither! I wad like to buy it frae 'e." "Capital," said Faed, and asked how much she would give for it. "I'll gie a shillin'," was the reply, "and a wheen apples 'am keepin' for Candlemas." The artist gently explained that the amount was hardly sufficient as the sketch was probably worth £300. "Blethers!" cried the woman angrily, "the hale biggin, garden and a' would na' bring half that."

Faed was elected Associate in 1859 and a Royal Academician five years later.

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THE FIRST CLOUD

By SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A. (1835—1910)

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IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

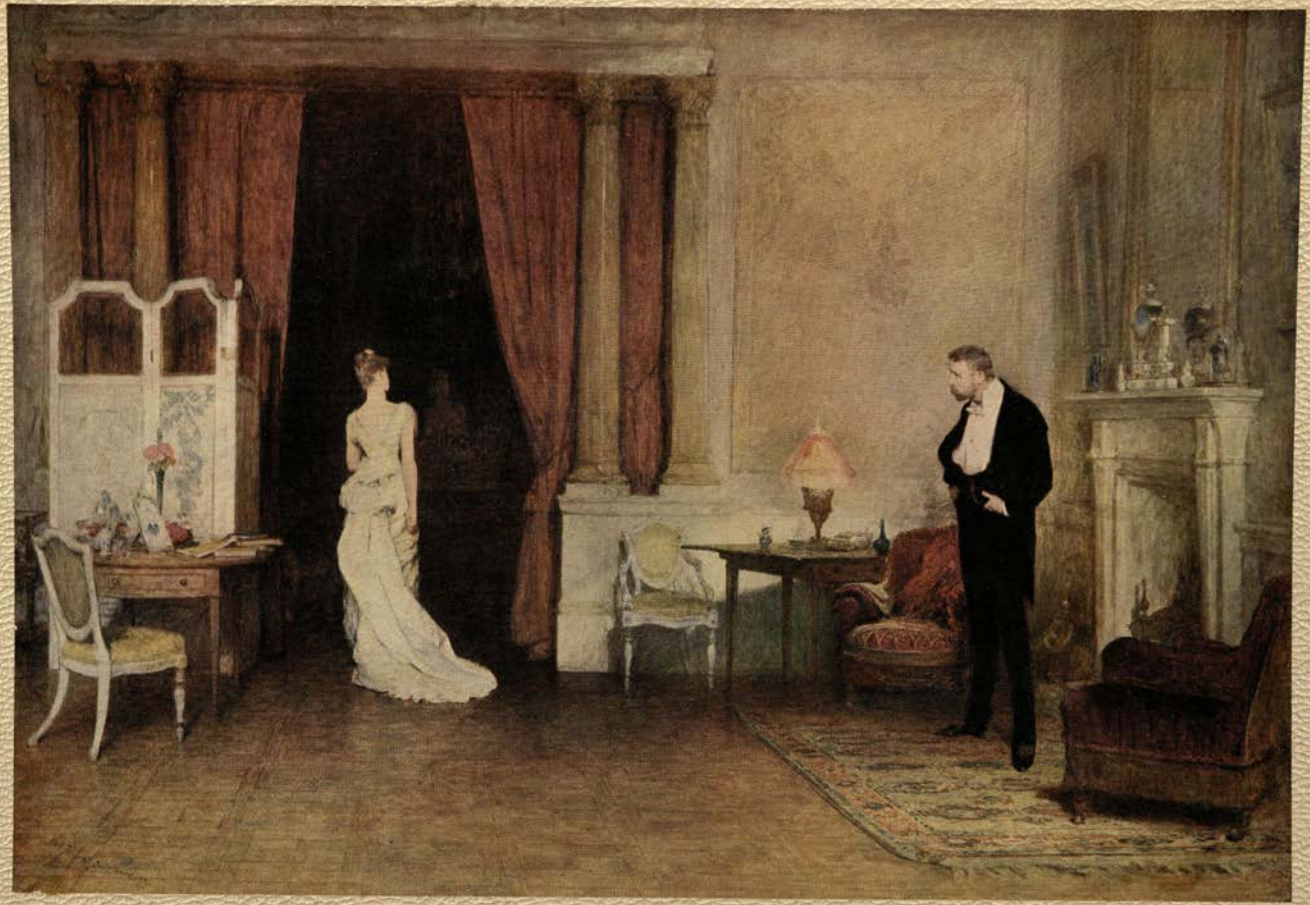
In this picture and "Her Mother's Voice" Sir William Orchardson attained his highest level of excellence, both in interest and technique, in his works of this character. The incident depicted in itself at once attracts by its dramatic significance, a significance fully suggested by the quotation which accompanied the entry in the Royal Academy Catalogue, when the original picture was exhibited in 1887:

> "It is the little rift within the lute
> That by and by may make the music mute"

while the setting of the characters in this domestic tragedy is a triumph of artistic skill. There are few painters who can suggest space as Orchardson did in this picture; the nearest approach to it in its spaciousness is to be seen in the room pictured in the work already mentioned by the same artist.

One feels that one would like to know the point of difference that has arisen between these two; but it is a problem that the artist left us to surmise upon—he merely gives us the effect: the cause is open to conjecture.

Sir William Orchardson was one of a brilliant company of students who passed through the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh in the early 'fifties, and included G. P. Chalmers, William McTaggart, Tom Graham, John Pettie, and Mr. MacWhirter. The three last mentioned, with Orchardson, migrated to London in the following decade, and each in his way made a name for himself in the art world. Orchardson had begun working as an illustrator before he left Edinburgh, but as a painter he immediately sprang into renown. He commenced to exhibit at the Royal Academy in 1863 and five years later was elected an associate. In 1877 he gained his full membership, and in the following year was shown the first of his dramatic pictures, "A Social Eddy: Left by the Tide," now in the Kepplestone Collection at Aberdeen. "The First Cloud" was exhibited in 1887 and the picture was purchased for one of the Australian galleries: a replica was afterwards painted for Sir Henry Tate and presented by him with other pictures in his collection to the nation. A knighthood was bestowed upon the painter in 1907 and he died in April, 1910.



THE PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR

By GIAMBATTISTA MORONI (1525—1578)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Il Tagliapanni—"The Cloth-Cutter"—was the original title of this picture, and it suggests something more than is usually conveyed by the name by which it is generally known. The man himself with his fine doublet and be-ringed finger suggests something more than a mere stitcher together of garments. But whatever he was Moroni found as much pleasure in painting his portrait as he did in his presentments of the Lawyer and the Italian Noblemen, which hang near it in our National Gallery. Indeed, in this portrait of the "Tailor" he put forth his very best, with the result that the work is accounted one of the finest examples of his skill. As we look at this master-craftsman we feel that the painter has given us the very man as he lived and moved in the sixteenth century days: he has paused just for a moment in his work to glance, as it were, at the painter who has interrupted him.

Morelli, the great critic, wrote thus upon Moroni's work: "No portrait painter ever placed the epidermis of the human face upon canvas with more fidelity and with greater truth than Moroni . . . . they [his portraits] must all have had that startling likeness to the original which so enchants the great public who exclaim, 'The very man! just how he looks!' And it was with the eyes of the great public that Moroni did look at his subjects. He was not a poet in the true sense of the word, but a consummate painter. Yet now and then he manages to go beyond himself, and to pierce the surface till he reaches the soul of the sitter."

It is recorded that Titian when approached by anyone from Moroni's country for a portrait would advise them to go to Moroni if they wished to have a true portrait, thus in a manner reproaching them for neglecting the skilled painter who was working, as it were, at their very door. It was yet another instance of a prophet being not without honour save in his own country.

Moroni was born at Bondino within the territory of Bergamo, but studied under Moretto at Brescia. He first worked as a painter of religious subjects, but in the realism of portraiture found his true bent. The silvery quality of the background of "The Tailor" is a distinguishing characteristic of his work. Moroni died at Bergamo in 1578.

A SUMMER NIGHT

By ALBERT MOORE (1841—1893)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

Beautiful women, beautifully draped, beautifully posed amid beautiful surroundings formed the chief features of the art of Albert Moore. In these, indeed, he found his sole delight as a painter, it became almost an obsession, until he saw his beautiful women merely as objects wherewith to form some carefully thought-out scheme of decoration. They were posed at times in such a manner that they lost all their natural beauty of outline, so constrained were they to fit into the artist's elaborately designed decoration. Incident and movement had little or no charm for him—it would have disturbed the set of the draperies —so we generally find his beautiful women sitting or standing in a state of "sweet-do-nothingness." As Cosmo Monkhouse once remarked, "they tell no tale worth mentioning, they have no connection with any legend or history, they represent no incident from real life, they are unconnected with our experience and our reading, they do not raise (except by the merest accident, perhaps, now and then) any vision of the past, they awaken (unless by still rarer chance) no dream of the future: they are, to put it shortly, as far removed from the realities of our lives, and from our personal human sympathies, as it is possible for representations of beauty (human or otherwise) to be, or, to generalise still more tersely, they are outside of us altogether." Of course, the artist never intended that his work should do any one of these things, or appeal in any such sense—it was done to please his own sense of the beautiful; it was his own expression of beauty.

"A Summer Night," then, is distinctly characteristic of his art: it is beautiful in colour, beautiful in its arrangement of lines, beautiful in its sense of decoration, and therein it satisfied its painter's aims and efforts.

Albert Moore was born in York in 1841, and began his artistic career as a painter of Scriptural subjects, but in 1861, "The Marble Seat," the first of his decorative pictures, was exhibited, and from that time onwards he was entirely devoted to this style of work. He died on September 25, 1893.

HETTY SORREL

By the HON. JOHN COLLIER

IN THE BLACKBURN ART GALLERY

It is as a painter of problem pictures of modern life, or of portraits of wonderful technique of beautiful women that the Hon. John Collier is known to the average Academy-goer. But, as a matter of fact, his versatility as a painter is far greater. From the time that his "Last Voyage of Henry Hudson" was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in 1881 his subjects have ranged over a very wide field indeed. History, legend, tragedy, and incidents from literature, and social and domestic life have in turn provided him with themes for canvases, and all have been painted with the thoroughness and care that are characteristic of his work.

This picture of Hetty Sorrel is one of his earlier works. It was, of course, inspired by the story of the unhappy girl recounted by George Eliot in "Adam Bede." It is not an illustration of any passage in the book, but rather the visualisation of the scene suggested in the confession of Hetty to Dinah Morris in the gaol.

"Dinah raised her gently from her knees, seated her on the pallet again, sitting down by her side. It was a long time before the convulsed throat was quiet, and even then they sat some time in stillness and darkness, holding each other's hands. At last Hetty whispered—'I did do it, Dinah——I buried it in the wood——the little baby——and it cried——I heard it cry——ever such a way off——all night——and I went back because it cried.'"

And later on the story is continued——"'And all of a sudden I saw a hole under the nut-tree, like a little grave. And it darted into me like lightning—I'd lay the baby there, and cover it with grass and the chips. I couldn't kill it any other way. And I'd done it in a minute: and oh, it cried so, Dinah—I *couldn't* cover it quite up—I thought perhaps somebody 'ud come up and take care of it, and then it wouldn't die. And I made haste out of the wood, but I could hear it crying all the while.'"

The pitiable story is dramatically suggested in the picture, which is, perhaps, one of the most successful presentments of the character drawn by George Eliot that has been accomplished.

By Permission of the Corporation of Blackburn

A GLEANER

By JULES ADOLPHE BRETON

IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

Among the modern artists who have taken the peasant for the theme of their paintings none has devoted himself more thoroughly to the subject than Jules Breton. Born among the peasantry, it was to them he returned when his opinions upon art had matured, and it was in their life of toil and hardship that he sought for inspiration for his brush. It is true that he did not, like Millet, see only the sadness of poverty, his individuality would not permit of it; he could not sympathise with Millet's view, which led him to say: "Have you seen joy in Nature? As for me, I have never seen it: at most I have seen a few hours calm and peace." It was this divergence of their points of view which led Millet to say of Breton's earlier work, "The Return of the Gleaners"—also in the Luxembourg—"Breton always paints village girls who will not always remain village girls," thereby implying that their prettiness would lead them from the country and its simple labour to spheres of more dubious pleasures. Breton's earlier work perhaps in a measure justified the criticism, for idealism affected him at the time to a very great extent. But afterwards—as in this stalwart "gleaner," painted in 1877—he became more realistic in his presentment of the women of the fields. He, nevertheless, is still influenced as a poet in his work, and generally gives his figures a setting that gives them a suggestion of romance. As a critic of his own country has remarked: "The peasant girl only dreams by accident—when love comes, or when night falls. M. Breton has learnt to surprise her at the hour of sunset, just as Millet had done during the hour of twilight. As a poet he, perhaps, poetises too much."

Yet, withal, it is but the artist's love of beauty which impels him to paint as he does. If he now paints his peasant women as they are, strong-limbed, without much suggestion of soul, he can still see the full beauty of the sunset glow and can paint it as complementary to the ungainliness of his rustic models.

Jules Breton

THE CORNFIELD

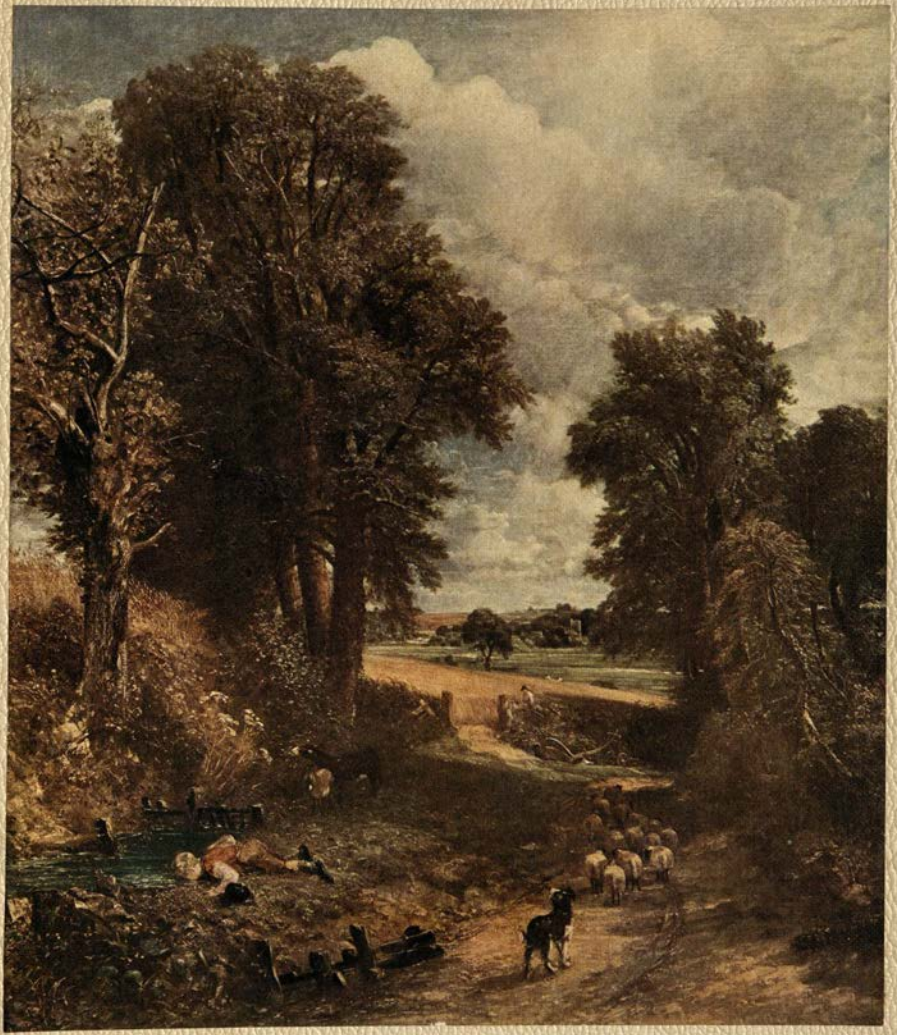
By JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776—1837)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"There is a place among our painters which neither Wilson, Gainsborough, Cozens, nor Girtin, so completely filled as John Constable. He was the most genuine painter of English cultivated scenery, leaving untouched its mountains and its lakes," was the testimony of C. R. Leslie, R.A., a contemporary painter of the artist in question. It is, indeed, the simplicity of Constable's subjects that endears him to his countrymen. The miller's son of East Bergholt found joy in the sweet pastoral country round his early home. It is the Valley of the Stour, the river itself with its sedgy banks, its picturesque locks, with the quiet busy-ness of the horse-drawn barges, the somnolent villages, with their stone-towered churches, so characteristic of East Anglia, that appealed to him for presentation through his art. "I love," he wrote, "every stile and stump, and lane in the village: so long as I am able to hold a brush, I shall never cease to paint them." In the light of these words we can appreciate to an extent the pleasure Constable experienced in painting "The Cornfield"—or, as it is sometimes called, "The Country Lane" The tree-lined lane, with the shepherd boy quenching his thirst at the silvery spring, with the vista of the lane ending in the golden field of ripening corn—the "eye" of the picture—how delightful it all is!

A story is told that on the occasion of the exhibition of this work at the Royal Academy in 1826—then held at Somerset House—it was inspected on Varnishing Day by Sir Francis Chantrey. Noticing the dark shadows under the tails of the sheep, he remarked to Constable, "Why, Constable, all your sheep have got the rot. Give me your palette, I must cure them!" His efforts, however, nearly had the effect of spoiling the picture, and after a time he threw palette and brushes at Constable, and fled from the room.

If Constable was not altogether appreciated by the painters of his own day in England, his reception in France, when "The Hay-Wain" was exhibited at the Salon in 1824 was triumphant, and the influence of his work was sufficient to destroy the classic tradition of landscape in that country and lead to the romantic school which culminated in the work of the men of Barbizon.



LOVE LOCKED OUT

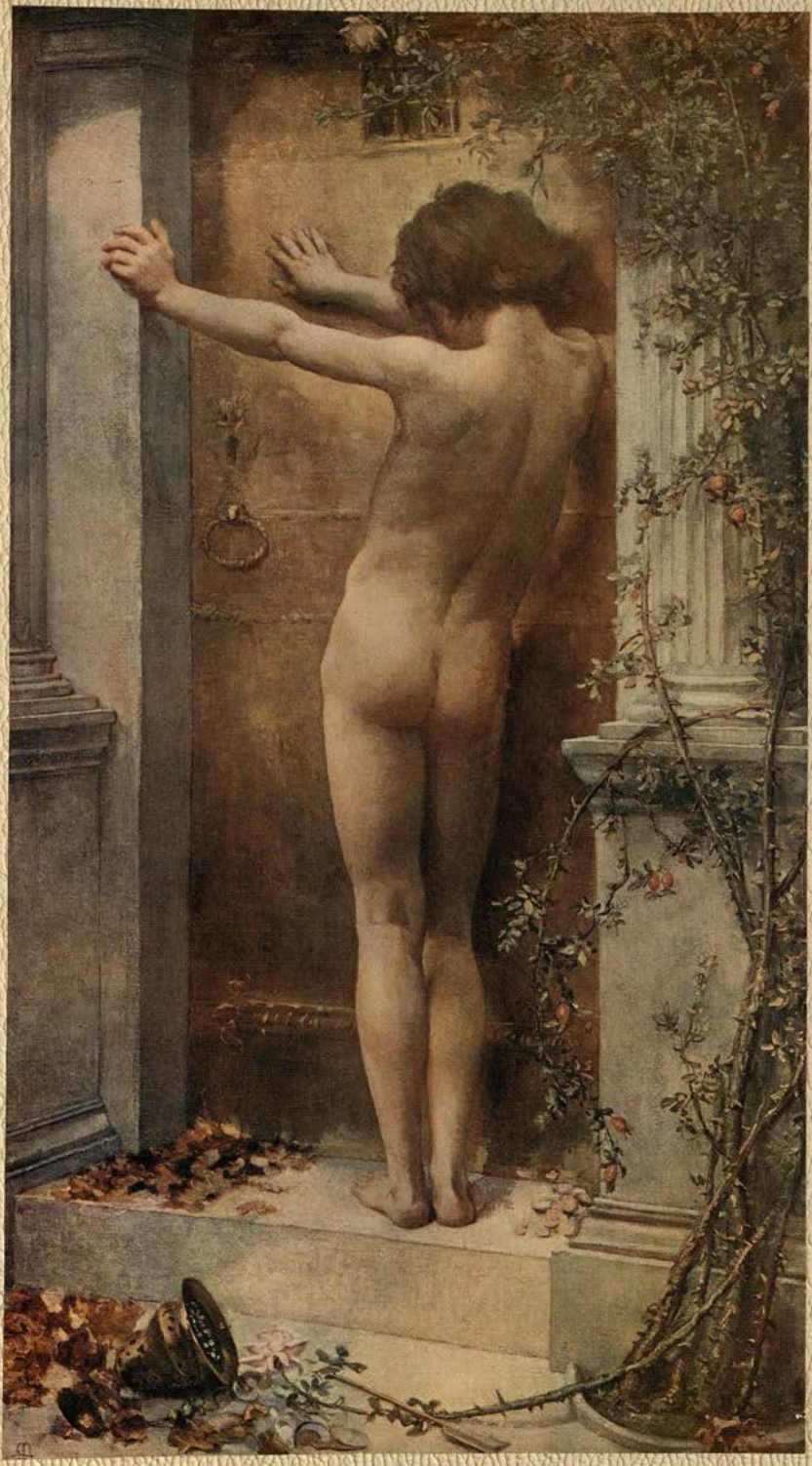
By ANNA LEA MERRITT

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

In none of the professions that have been entered by women has the ability of the sex been more fully demonstrated than in that of painting. The last twenty years, indeed, has seen them advancing with rapid strides, and although election to the membership of the Royal Academy is still denied them, their work in nearly every branch of the art of painting has raised them to a position of full equality with their competitors of the other sex. That official recognition from the Academy is still withheld—though their work is welcomed to the annual exhibitions at Burlington House—is merely evidence of the conservative prejudice that still exists against their admission and in no sense of their lack of ability.

It has been stated on many occasions that women are not creative artists, that they do not possess sufficiently the imaginative faculty necessary to produce original works. The delightful "Love Locked Out" by Mrs. Merritt provides at least one instance to controvert the assertion. This picture was hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1890, and was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in the same year for the sum of £250—the first work by a woman to be acquired for the collection.

Although an American by birth, Mrs. Merritt has lived and worked so long in England that she is accounted among English artists. Beyond a few lessons from Professor Legros she received no regular tuition in art, and to this fact is probably due the marked individuality that characterises her work. Portraiture has occupied a good deal of her time, but she was selected to do a series of decorative paintings for the Women's Section of the Chicago Exhibition—for which she received an award—and she has also executed some frescoes for St. Martin's Church at Chilworth—four large groups from the history of Our Lord and four single figures—nearly life-size—of angels and saints. She has also done some noteworthy work as a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.



ROBIN ADAIR

By ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

IN THE MAPPIN ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD

The ballads of Scotland that deal with love and lovers are, generally speaking, deeply tinged with sadness, and sometimes verge on the lugubrious; the fickleness of man generally plays an important part in the story they unfold, and the constancy of woman has its corresponding prominence. Doubtless the ballad-writers knew their countrymen's weakness to the full, and showed their appreciation of the virtues of the other sex by extolling—by inference—their patient endurance of the fickleness of their lovers, and their resignation to the desertion of their swains. It is only necessary to refer to "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," and other pathetic ballads of a similar nature, to prove the point. Or there is another kind of story, typified by that of "Auld Robin Gray," wherein the constancy of the maiden is tempted from her lover by the allurements of a rich old man with much goods—in one case an earnest being offered in the shape of "a silken gown." But always the heart remains true to the absent "Jamie" or "Donald," and, "in spite of all temptations" to the contrary, true love prevails.

In "Robin Adair" Burns runs the whole gamut of pathos, and in the lament of the forsaken maiden he epitomises the spirit of the Scottish ballad:

> "Where's all the joy and mirth
> Made this town a heav'n on earth?
> Oh, they're all fled with thee,
> Robin Adair."

It is the second verse of the song which Burns's countryman, Alexander Johnston, chose as the text for this picture, and only in the cloudy foreboding of the damsel's expression does he hint at the sadness of the theme:

> "What made th' assembly shine?
> Robin Adair!
> What made the ball so fine?
> Robin was there.
> What, when the play was o'er,
> What made my heart so sore?
> Oh, it was parting with
> Robin Adair."

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BETWEEN TWO FIRES

BY F. D. MILLET

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Since the day when Benjamin West was chosen President of the Royal Academy, American artists have always received an ungrudging welcome into England. J. S. Copley, Mr. J. S. Sargent, and Mr. J. J. Shannon have been elected into the inner fold of the Royal Academy: Washington Allston became an Associate; Gilbert Stuart received and executed many commissions for portraits; Whistler—well Whistler, though largely misunderstood by many, was yet greatly appreciated so far as his peculiar temperament would allow him to be, and is now represented by both his etched and painted work in the National Gallery of British Art. Among the more recent Transatlantic artists who have settled in England may be counted Mr. F. D. Millet, whose delightful "Between Two Fires" was acquired for the Chantrey Collection in 1892. Apart from all other qualities the work is notable for its quiet humour—a quality that is, after all, curiously rare in pictures of high standard of technical excellence.

Humour, as a rule, has been, and is, rather fought shy of by painters; it would seem that they are content to leave it in a general way to the exponents of black and white art, and but little has been done to show that, when treated seriously—if the paradox may be excused—humour may enter successfully into art without any sacrifice of dignity. Mr. Millet has, however, given us in this picture ample evidence in this direction; while wholly praiseworthy as a painting—the workmanship, indeed, is exquisite—it is a satisfying example of the successful combination of humour and art. The characterisation of the sleek unbending sternness of the Puritan, and the merry frivolousness of the two serving-maids is most happily rendered and combined in the depiction of an incident which is brimful of fun. Seldom, indeed, has a painter given us such a joyous piece of humour with so little effort on the part of his painted characters. True the title has something to do with it in its suggestiveness, but it is not necessary to the appreciation of the joke.

Although Mr. Millet is of American nationality, as an artist he may be reckoned cosmopolitan. He studied first at the Antwerp Academy, where he gained the silver and gold medal of honour in 1872 and 1873 respectively. Since then he has lived and worked in almost every country in Europe as well as in the United States.

ATALANTA

BY LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (1830—1896)

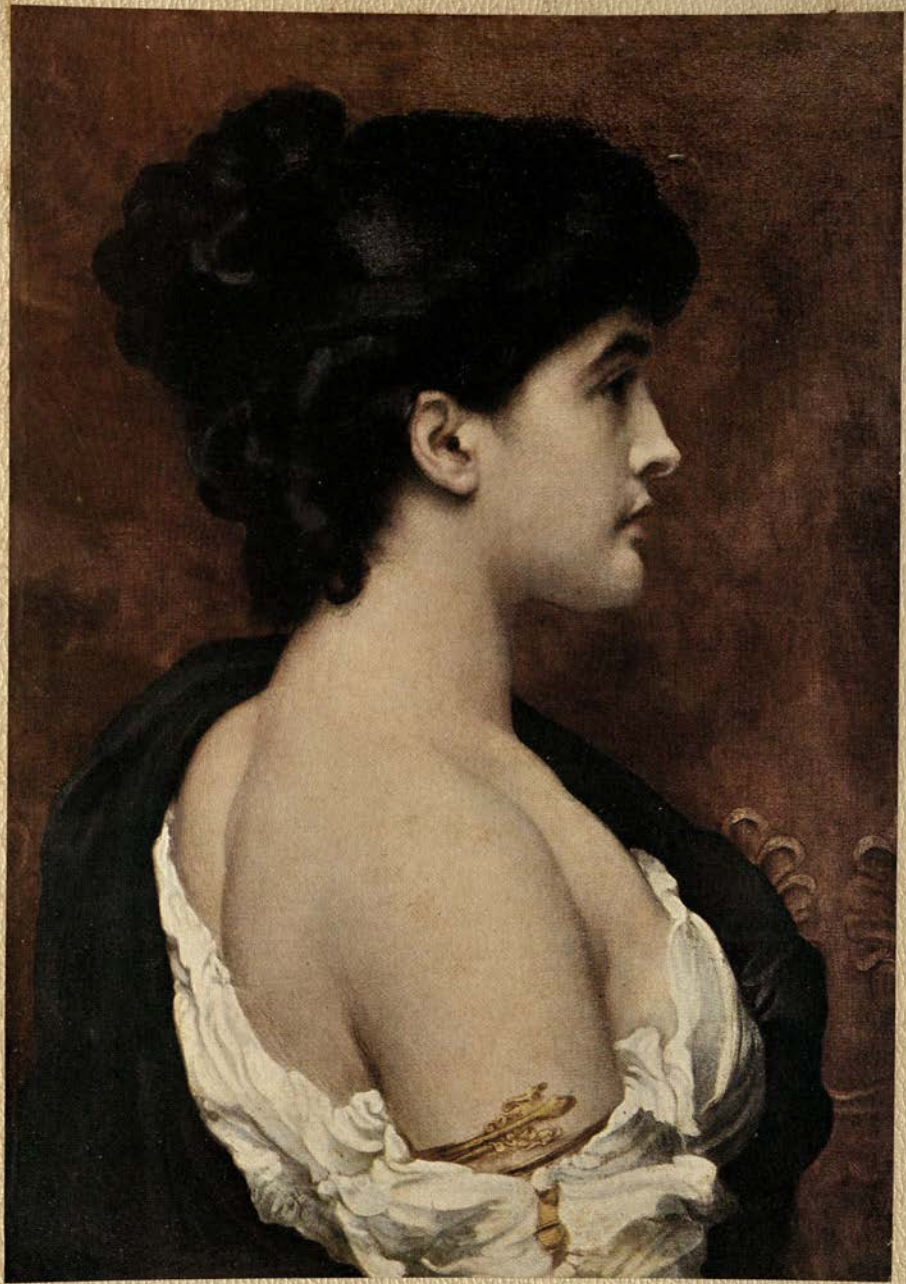
IN THE COLLECTION OF HARRY J. VEITCH, ESQ.

In his pictures of classic myths and characters Lord Leighton, without a doubt, achieved the highest point of success in his work. Their interpretation was entirely congenial to his temperament and methods, and this imposingly beautiful "Atalanta" is one of his most satisfying characterisations of classic personalities.

Leighton's method of work has already been referred to in connection with "The Bath of Psyche" (p. 23), and for his own requirements it was certainly efficacious; but, curiously enough, he had the idea that the system was equally adapted to any requirements and temperaments. He once proposed to two young artists who were living near him at Holland Park that they should experiment in this direction. "I want you," he said, "each to paint a head. I will send you two canvases prepared in the same manner in which mine are prepared, together with a set of brushes such as I use. You are to pose the model, make your design from the first, and never depart from it; keep your shadows open, and stage by stage bring your work to completion."

The proposal was accepted—but the result was disaster for the young artists. Leighton was avoided, but the dreaded meeting at length took place. There were but two weak, far away reflections of a Leighton study to show, each without individuality or strength. They had been carried out according to instructions, and the executants had been prompted by a strong desire to please Leighton, but the President had sorrowfully to admit that "it was no use trying to graft one's methods upon people whose work inclines to different grooves."

Atalanta, it will be remembered, was the athletic maiden of Arcadia who desired to remain unwed, and issued the mandate that the only acceptable lover would be the man who could outstrip her in running. With an overwhelming confidence in her own powers she made the stipulation that any youth who challenged her to race and failed should not only lose her, but his life. How Hippomenes secured her, by luring her from the goal with the apples of gold, is an oft-told story—and the parable is a simple one. We know that the story ends with the acceptance of defeat by Atalanta, but it would be interesting to know a little of the life of Hippomenes after the marriage!



THE LIGHTHOUSE

BY STANHOPE A. FORBES, R.A.

IN THE MANCHESTER ART GALLERY

Although the Newlyn School as it existed twenty years ago is now but a memory and most of those who constituted it have abandoned its principles and methods, Newlyn itself remains a factor in English art. The little fishing village adjacent to Penzance has acquired a fame that it will never lose, and secured a prosperity that never would have accrued from its fishing industry. Its trim built studios and colony of students provide a means of employment for its picturesque fisher-folk that is, perhaps, far less precarious than the varying harvest of the sea upon which they were formerly dependent.

Among the earlier artist settlers in this remote corner of the "Delectable Duchy" was Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and he yielded so entirely to its fascinations that he has had no inclination to break his connection with it. He it was who demonstrated at the first the seriousness of the aims of the "School," who produced works which demanded attention to the new influence that had arisen in English art. In those days the painters shared in intimate measure the lives of the people whom they depicted on their canvases, and their pictures appealed with the force of their simple truth The cottage homes of the fisher-folk, the joys and sorrows of the daily life of the community formed the material for their painted narratives—always accompanied, as it were, by the murmur of the ever present sea of Newlyn.

Of the methods of work in the early days at Newlyn Mr. Forbes has said: "I have never painted with such directness as on those fortunately rare occasions when I have worked at sea, and I have carried pictures right through to the last touch in smithies, stable-sheds, and amid all sorts of queer surroundings, under conditions which when starting seemed absolutely hopeless and prohibitive. . . . My own custom has always been to work as much as possible on the spot, and practice has taught me that this offers certain advantages over any other method."

"The Lighthouse" is that of Newlyn Harbour, which Mr. Forbes says he can "never contemplate without certain uneasy sensations. For off that pier-head day after day for months I painted in a crazy old fishing boat which lay at anchor there, and with an unsteady hand endeavoured to dodge the motion of the waves."

By permission of the Corporation of Manchester

THE BOY WITH MANY FRIENDS

BY THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A. (1800—1886)

IN THE BURY ART GALLERY

One of the features of the "early Victorian" era of art was the attention bestowed upon the rural life of England. It would seem as though the painters of the time realised suddenly that the lead given in this direction by Gainsborough and Morland was worth following up, and, with one accord, sought for subjects for their brush among the rustics of their country. W. W. Collins, William Hunt, Thomas Mulready and Thomas Webster were all about the same time painting pictures of this nature with more or less of success. The two last mentioned turned their attention more particularly to the delineation of child-life and have left canvases which, apart from their artistic merits, are of interest as records of contemporary life in the country districts of England.

Simplicity is the keynote of Webster's art; his subjects are chosen from the ordinary every-day incidents of village communities—children in the dame-schools of the time or watching the performance of a peripatetic "Punch and Judy Show"; the choir of the village church—one of his best characterisations, to be seen in the Sheepshanks Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum—a rustic family going to and returning from the fair, or other "simple annals of the poor" as exhibited in English hamlets and villages. Like Mulready, Webster often indulged in touches of humour in his work, and the picture here reproduced is characteristic of this feature. There is, of course, nothing great in his art, but, like more notable painters than he, Webster painted what he saw, "in his own way," with sincerity and truth.

Thomas Webster was born in Ranelagh Street, Chelsea, his father being a member of the household of George III. He became a chorister in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, but his love of drawing overcame the intention of a musical profession, and at twenty-one years of age he entered the Royal Academy schools. The outcome of the training was that at first he inclined to historical painting, but he soon recognised that this was not in accord with his temperament and found his true bent in the portrayal of rustic life. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1841 and five years later a full Academician. In 1877 he was placed on the list of Honorary Retired Academicians, and died nine years later at Cranbrook in Kent.

By permission of the Corporation of Bury

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN

BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A. (1839—1893)

IN THE COLLECTION OF JAMES MURRAY, ESQ.

Like the "Two Strings to Her Bow" already reproduced in this series, this picture belongs to the lighter, but not less charming, side of Pettie's art. It was not often that he broke away from historical and dramatic illustration in his subject pictures—but when he did, it was with unmitigated success.

Pettie was one of that indomitable company of Scottish artists, who, by native talent and perseverance rose from humble boyhood to the foremost ranks of British art. Though born in Edinburgh, Pettie while still a child was taken to live at East Linton, a little village in East Lothian, where his father had acquired a business. As a boy he was continually sketching—either his schoolmates or the customers in his father's shop. All his aspirations were, therefore, towards art, but those of his parents for him were for business. Fortunately for the lad he had an uncle, who supported him in his desire and at his suggestion young John and his work were taken to James Drummond, R.S.A., for inspection and advice. Drummond used invariably to dissuade anyone who applied to him from entering an artistic career, and although on the strength of an introductory letter, he received Mrs. Pettie and her son in a kindly way, his stock advice had been given before the sketches had been unpacked. "No, no, put him into business!" The mother was gratified that the great man's opinion coincided with that of her husband and herself, but the maternal pride was ruffled, and she replied, "But won't you see my boy's sketches before making up your mind?" The appeal was heard and the packet carefully gone through. "Well?" queried the mother, "Well," replied the painter, "whatever you or I may say, won't matter much; your son will die an artist."

The boy's delight can be imagined, and on the verdict he went to Edinburgh and commenced his studies at the Trustees' Academy and entered upon the career which turned out so brilliantly.

WAITING FOR THE FERRY

BY GEORGE DUNLOP LESLIE, R.A.

IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. CHARLES LEES

"My aim in art," Mr. Leslie once said, "has always been to paint pictures from the sunny side of English domestic life, and as much as possible to render them cheerful companions to their possessors. The times are so imbued with turmoil and misery, hard work and utilitarianism, that innocence, joy and beauty seem to be the most fitting subjects to render such powers as I possess useful to my fellow creatures." Although this declaration of artistic faith was made nearly thirty years ago, it has never been departed from. His pictures, whether figure subjects or landscapes, are always agleam with sunshine—a quality which many younger painters seem studiously to avoid. He seeks for beauty and portrays it with such fidelity that his representations are always pleasing. It was one of his pictures—"School Revisited," which, with three others, induced Ruskin after an interval of sixteen years to resume his "Notes on the Royal Academy." The great critic said of it, "I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms, and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw that morning. It is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood . . . English girls by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas or Saints—or what not—it is the law of art life; your own people as they live are the only ones you can understand."

The son of a Royal Academician, Mr. Leslie may well have inherited artistic tastes and inclinations, but the faculty of expression was totally different in the younger painter; he sought for individuality in that direction, and the story is told that his first exhibited picture was painted in a delightful secrecy. It was in 1857 while still a student in the Academy schools that "Hope" was accepted for the exhibition at the British Institution. On the day of the private view the young painter was at work in the life class, and his father, who happened to be the visitor for the day, overheard Charles Landseer congratulating young Leslie on the purchase of the picture by Lord Houghton. The surprise of Leslie *père* can be imagined and a visit was at once made to the exhibition. He made some frank criticisms upon the work, but finished his remarks with: "Well, at any rate you need never starve, for you can paint a pretty face."

CUPID'S SPELL

BY HENRY WOODS, R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Venice, with its wondrous charm of beauty and romance has a fascination for artists of all nationalities. Its silent waterways, picturesque surroundings, its marvels of medieval architecture, though shorn of much of their glory by Time and innovations of modernity, still retain much of their attractive power. Though Venice of to-day be but "a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak—so quiet—so bereft of all but her loveliness that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city and which the shadow," she still possesses the power to charm to her shores lovers of the beautiful. Byron's lines might well be applied entirely to her.

"Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced"

But it is not only the city itself that forms the attraction to artists, the people of Venice, too, share in its glory, and painters find among them unending material for their canvases. Many English artists have given us reminiscent pictures of Venice and her beauties, notably—to mention one among living painters—Sir Luke Fildes, yet none has yielded so completely to her spell as Mr. Henry Woods, who for many years has lived in the City of the Lagoon and found entire absorption in her delights.

Year after year his pictures of Venetian life and scenes have appeared at the Academy exhibitions—brilliant with the colour which is so characteristic of all that pertains to it. The particular work now under notice was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885, and was purchased by Sir Henry Tate, and passed into the possession of the nation with the sixty-four other pictures when the gallery which bears his name was opened in 1897.

"Cupid's Spell" is characteristic of the subjects which Mr. Woods finds in Venice. Under the statue of Cupid in an old garden on the Lagoon, a young fisherman finds his fate in the pretty girl who is—apparently—unconcernedly spinning.

THE MARTYR OF THE SOLWAY

By SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A. (1829—1896)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

The story of the martyrdom of Margaret MacLaughlan and Margaret Wilson in 1680 is one of the darkest episodes of Covenanting days. On refusing to abjure the Covenant and return to the Episcopal flock, the two women, one over sixty years of age and the other but just out of her childhood, were sentenced to death by drowning in the Solway Firth—not by sudden means, but by prolonged, agonising torture—methods of which the predominant ecclesiastical power in every age has taken a fiendish delight in inventing for the spiritual good of those who differed from it. These two poor creatures of Wigton were to be chained to stakes and left to be gradually overwhelmed by the rising tide. To add to the torture the younger woman was placed nearer to the shore than her companion in misfortune, so that she could witness her death before the waters brought peace to her own soul. When the rising tide was nearly choking her and silencing the psalms she had not ceased to sing, she was unchained and given another opportunity to recant, and on steadfastly refusing she was again placed at the stake, and left to die. Her fate is commemorated in the epitaph in Wigton Churchyard, which ends thus :

> "Within the sea, tied to a stake,
> She suffered for Christ Jesu's sake."

The double martyrdom is also commemorated in the monument to "The Two Meek Margarets" in Stirling Churchyard.

The story was enshrined in a beautiful lyric poem by Prof. John Stuart Blackie, with the title "The Two Meek Margarets." The martyrs are therein thus described :

> "The one had three score years and three ;
> Far out on the sand they bound her,
> Where the first dark flow of the waves as they glow
> Is quickly swirling round her.
>
> "The other was a maiden fresh and fair ;
> More near to the land they bound her,
> That she might see by slow degree
> The grim waves creeping round her."

Millais's picture was not exhibited when it was painted, but was sold at the Kurtz sale in 1891 for £472. It was afterwards purchased by Mr. George Holt and presented by him to the Walker Gallery in 1895. It has been stated that the head was first painted for the female figure in "The Knight Errant," but was not deemed right for that subject by the artist.

By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool

HUSH

J. H. LORIMER, R.S.A.

IN THE CORPORATION ART GALLERY, ROCHDALE

Beauty, pure, simple and refreshing, is the keynote of Mr. Lorimer's art. Each of his pictures is a harmony—in form, colour and arrangement; to look at one is to receive a distinct impression of quiet satisfaction, an unalloyed feeling of pleasure, even delight. There is nothing to jar on the most sensitive mind; indeed, there is an attractiveness that rouses a sense of longing to possess, and the profound conviction that such a work would sweeten life could one become its owner. Without any insistence on his method, and without any violent appeal of peculiarities, Mr. Lorimer's work reveals his mastery of difficulties of light and composition which have defied many a painter, and that without any sacrifice of the quality of beauty, which is, or should be, the main constituent of all efforts in art. It is in the delightful "interiors," of which "Hush" is a characteristic example, that Mr. Lorimer has developed his individuality, an individuality which has emerged triumphant after an almost cosmopolitan course of study. It was in 1893 that one of the earliest of these pictures was shown at the Royal Academy, and the purchase of "Grandmother's Birthday—Saying Grace" by the French Government at once marked the success of the note struck by the artist.

Born in 1857 Mr. Lorimer commenced his art studies in the Edinburgh School of Art, under the South Kensington régime, and the mere fact that his painter's instincts survived that ordeal is almost sufficient testimony to their strength and vitality. Following this was a course in the life school of the Royal Scottish Academy, and then a round of Continental visits which included Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and the copying of Velazquez in Madrid and Tintoretto and Bellini in Venice. In 1884 he entered Carolus Duran's *atelier* in Paris and worked there for some time. Perhaps if any influence is visible in his work it is that of French art, but it is so slight that he may be accounted one of the few distinctly individualistic artists of our day. One of the leading French critics has recorded his opinion that Mr. Lorimer is one whose pictures answer Ruskin's definition of "true art," as "that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together."

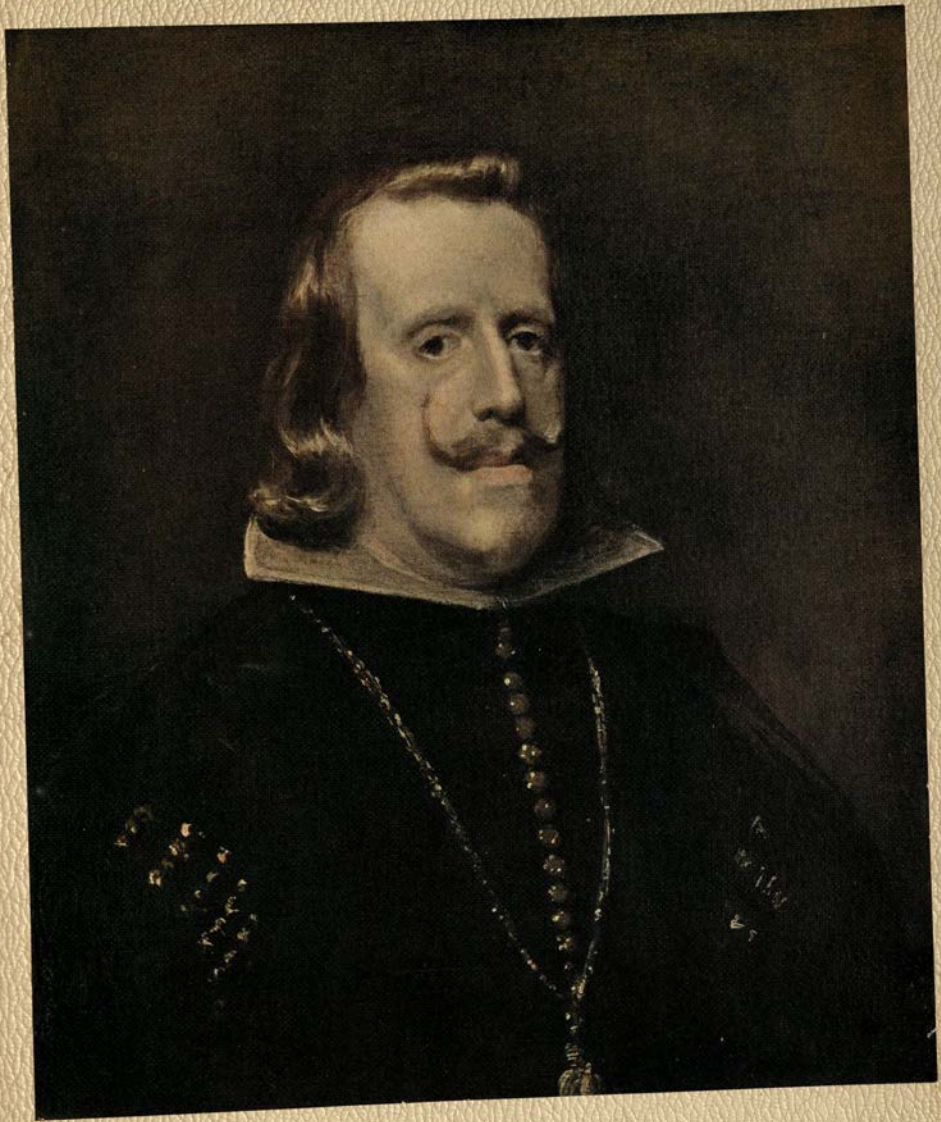
PHILIP IV.

By VELAZQUEZ (1599—1660)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

This is one of the two portraits of the royal patron of the artist in our National Gallery. It was purchased for the collection from M. Sano in Paris in 1865, together with a Ruysdael, for the sum of £1,200. It was formerly in the collection of Prince Demidoff of Florence. It represents the king at the age of fifty-five and, painted as it is with unrelenting realism, reveals the character of the man as well as his physical appearance. In the full length portrait which hangs near it we have the presentment of him in his younger days: his face then is cold, unemotional and phlegmatic, but he carries his kingship with dignity, and his forehead is open. But in the later portrait the life of ease and pleasure has made its mark. The expression is more immobile, the double chin and flaccid face, the protruding lower lip, give a suggestion of cruelty in the character. The enthusiasm and joy of life have gone: he is satiated with pleasure and the luxury of royalty. The disastrous wars of his reign—in the Netherlands and Portugal—have furrowed lines of care across the forehead. It was but five years after the date at which this portrait was painted that his life came to an end.

The patronage extended by Philip IV. to Velazquez enabled the artist to paint unhindered by any thought of care or anxiety, and thereby secured to the world the great series of works which have rendered him immortal. That his position engendered jealousy among contemporary painters can easily be imagined, one especially, Vincenzo Carducci, was virulently bitter against Velazquez and his "detestable naturalism." The king once informed his painter that his rivals were taunting him with being unable to paint anything but heads, Velazquez's retort to which was, "These gentlemen pay me a great compliment. At least, I know no one who can paint a good head." But the sting remained, and one result of the taunt was a proposal from the royal patron that Velazquez and three of his challengers should paint in competition a picture of the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain. The judges were to be a Roman artist and a Dominican friar. Their decision was in favour of Velazquez, so that his triumph was complete. It is supposed that this picture perished in the fire at the Royal Palace which occurred in 1734.



THE WORLD FORGETTING

By JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, R.A. (1817—1903)

IN THE WOLVERHAMPTON ART GALLERY

Although the painter of this picture lived to see something of the modern trend of English art, and even exhibited at the Academy up to within a few years of his death, his reputation as a painter belongs to what is known as the "Early Victorian" period of art. Painters then took their work—so far as subject was concerned at least—very seriously indeed. They cultivated that "grand manner" in painting which led to the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and a closer association with nature and humanity.

As the nephew of Sir Augustus Callcott—whose name he was given—it was almost inevitable that Horsley should have been trained to follow in his uncle's footsteps, and that in accordance with his predestined course of life that he should have been sent to the Royal Academy Schools to prepare himself for this end. While yet in his studentship he was represented for the first time at the Academy with "Rent Day at Haddon Hall in the Sixteenth Century," and in 1836, that is to say when he was nineteen years of age, was exhibited his "Pride of the Village"—the forerunners of a long series of domestic and romantic *genre* works. While still a young man he was appointed headmaster of the National School of Design at Somerset House, and in 1843 took part in the competition for the Westminster frescoes. His cartoon of "St. Augustine Preaching" was awarded a prize of £200, and in the following year he was selected with five other artists to execute further frescoes for the Houses of Parliament, his "Spirit of Religion" being selected for the House of Lords. In 1847 he was again successful in a similar competition, and painted two more of those frescoes, which are to-day but ghosts of the original works. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1855 and a full member in the following year. In 1882 he became Treasurer of the Academy, and from 1870 until a few years before his death was responsible for the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House.

Perhaps he is best remembered for his crusade against the exhibition, and even the study, of paintings and drawings of the nude female figure, which he instituted in the 'eighties, and which earned for him in *Punch* the sobriquet of "J. C(lothes) Horsley."

The Departure of the Volunteers in 1792 (La Marseillaise)

THE LAST CHAPTER

By J. DOYLE PENROSE

IN THE POSSESSION OF J. BEVAN BRAITHWAITE, ESQ.
By Permission of the Autotype Fine Art Company, Limited

This picture is based upon the account left by St. Cuthbert of the closing scene in the life of the Venerable Bede, at the Monastery at Jarrow, in the year 735 A.D. "The Father of English History," as he justifiably has been called, was engaged upon the translation of St. John's Gospel into Anglo-Saxon when overtaken by the illness which proved fatal. In a long letter of his pupil, Cuthbert, which has been preserved, it is recorded that the great scholar, though "he suffered in his stomach and drew his breath with pains and sighs," was full of thanksgiving and rejoicing, singing psalms and talking with his pupils. In the evening of the last day "the scribe said, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence to write' and he answered 'Write quickly.' Presently the youth said, 'Now it is finished'; he replied, 'Thou hast said the truth, it is finished.' Bidding the attendants place him where he could see the spot in which he usually knelt in prayer, he chanted the *Gloria Patri;* as he uttered the words 'The Holy Ghost,' he died, and so passed into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Venerable Bede was born about the year 673 near Monkwearmouth, Co. Durham, and when seven years of age was left an orphan. He himself has given an outline of his life in the following words, "Bede the servant of God, and priest of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow: who, being born in the territory of that same monastery, was given, at seven years of age, to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfrid; and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture. In the nineteenth year of my age I received deacon's orders, in the thirtieth those of the priesthood."

The whole of his life was spent within the walls of this monastery, where, besides the usual duties of priest and those of a teacher, he made those exhaustive studies which enabled him to write the forty odd treatises with which his name is associated. He was buried in the monastery church at Jarrow, but his remains were afterwards surreptitiously taken to Durham and re-interred with those of St. Cuthbert. In the 12th century they were placed in a beautiful shrine, but during the attack on the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII this shrine was destroyed and the ashes of Bede scattered to the four winds.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

By TITIAN (1477–1576)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Sir Edward Poynter has written of this picture, "It is, perhaps, Titian's masterpiece as a composition of figures and landscape, and in its combination of all the qualities which go to make a great work of art is possibly the finest picture in the world." It was probably painted in 1523 for the Duke Alphonso of Ferrara, and was one of a set of four, of which two are now in the Prado, at Madrid, and the fourth in a private collection in England. The point in the story of Ariadne which is here illustrated is the moment of the first sight by the god Bacchus of the deserted Ariadne on the island of Naxos; under impulse of his passion Bacchus leaps from his chariot. In his accompanying band of nymphs, satyrs, and roysterers is the drunken god Silenus seated on an ass. Among the most charming figures in the composition is the little child faun to which Ruskin refers incidentally in "The Elements of Drawing," but only to draw attention to the points of light on the white flower in his wreath. Other items of interest in this great work are the wondrously glowing landscape with its strip of sea, on which is seen the sails of the departing ship which carries Theseus from the betrayed princess.

In the sky above Ariadne is seen the constellation of the golden crown which Bacchus presented to her when she became his bride.

Tiziano Vecellio, although now accounted principal of the Venetian school, was in his lifetime called "Da Cadore" after his birthplace, but his other name "Il Divino" more properly reveals the high estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries. It was as a child that he was sent into Venice to study art, which he did principally under Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, but has he not himself left it on record that he never ceased to the end of his life to learn something new of the art which he so greatly loved? When at seventy years of age he first visited Rome and met Michelangelo, did he not say of his visit, "I greatly improved after I had been to Rome"? He continued to work up to the very last, and when the plague seized him for death in his ninety-ninth year, it is said that he even then had a pencil in his hand.

Writing with regard to a picture he had painted for Federigo Gonzaga, Titian once thus expressed himself:—"If truly my hand with the paint brush had corresponded to the grand conception I had in my mind and soul, I might think that I had been able to show the desire I have to serve your Excellency."

So we can imagine that this "Bacchus and Ariadne," great as it is, is nothing to the vision which the "Grand old Man of Art" first had of the scene. What a soul stirring pageantry of form and colour that must have been! But we are satisfied even with this conception of it, though we know that the hand of the artist did not fully respond to the dictates of his soul.

A BRETON PEASANT

By GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

IN THE COLLECTION OF H. L. FLORENCE, ESQ.

This charmingly direct study from nature was painted at Quimperlé and exhibited for the first time at the Guildhall Exhibition in 1895. It is additionally interesting in that it entirely refutes the charge, at one time levelled at the artist, that as a painter of peasants he gave us nothing but types of ugliness. It may have been in a sense true, for Mr. Clausen at that time was intensely realistic—he painted what he saw, and if the field workers among whom he sought for subjects were uncouth and ill-looking, he did not attempt to idealise them, as others had done, but painted them as they were, with wrinkled and lined countenances, scarred and bent by the warfare of life. But this little Breton girl is beautiful—the bloom of childhood has not yet been rubbed off: her face is ruddy with health and sunlight: she was "all sufficient" to the artist in her simple dress and native surroundings.

The late R. A. M. Stevenson, in an interesting paper on Mr. Clausen and his work, published in 1890, thus summarised the artist's position in relation to contemporary art: "Meanwhile he finds peasant life interesting, if for no other reason than that it is the bottom crust of society, and he refuses to seek a meretricious interest by painting foreign scenery and costume pictures. The first, because 'to paint a thing properly, you must be intimate with it'; the second, because there is nothing he dislikes more than pictures where the whole interest lies in unfamiliar costumes or strange and striking incident. He thinks that the mere portrait of a character, whoever he may be, ought to have sufficient interest, if the painter has feeling and ability. It is often these nameless studies of heads of Rembrandt and other old masters that we like best in a gallery."

The principles here set forth have been closely adhered to in the artist's subsequent work. He never paints anything except it appeals to his own standard of the beautiful: the sincerity of his purpose is always evident whether it be in the portrayal of a time-bent old reaper, or a haystack lit up by the rays of the setting sun. There is never any sensational appeal in his work: his high ideal of the artist's position has never faltered—he interprets nature by means of his art, just as it appeals to him.

CLAUSEN
QUIMPERLÉ

THE PRISON WINDOW

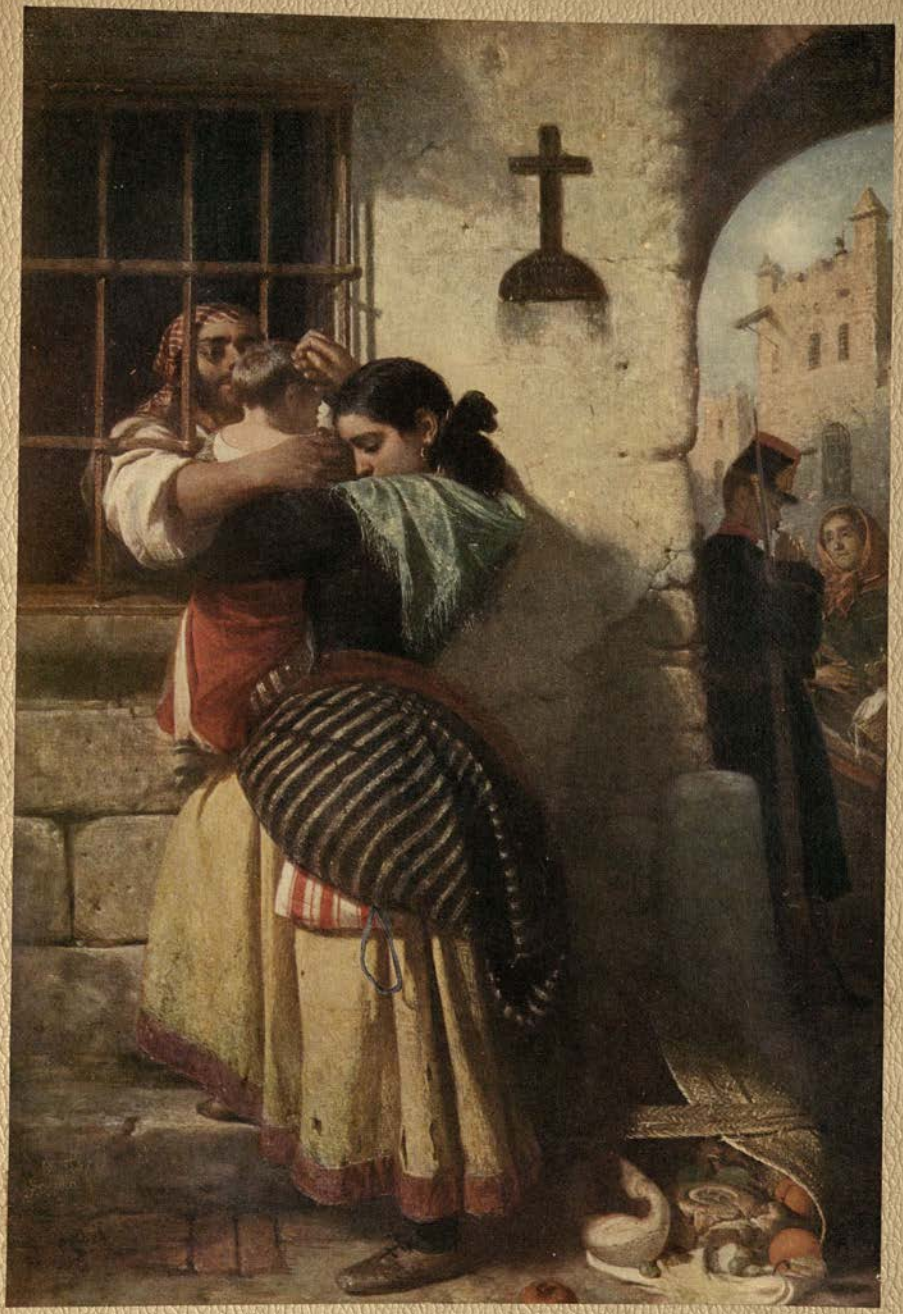
By JOHN PHILLIP, R.A. (1817—1867)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

It was through ill-health and a consequent search for a more congenial climate than that of England that first directed John Phillip to Spain. He found what he wanted, and something more, for he was attracted by the picturesqueness of the peasants of the Peninsula and led to paint pictures of them instead of those of his native Scotland that had hitherto occupied his attention. So successful were these pictures—Queen Victoria, at the suggestion of Landseer, was among the first of his patrons—that they practically absorbed his attention for the remainder of his life and earned for him the title of "Spanish Phillip." Under the Gassiot bequest the Tate Gallery possesses two of the best of them, in this "The Prison Window" and "Gossips at a Well."

John Phillip was one of that band of Scotsmen who from humble circumstances rose by sheer grit and an all-compelling artistic instinct to the Council Chamber of the Royal Academy. He was born in 1817, son of an old soldier of Aberdeen. He began his wage-earning life as errand boy to a tinsmith and was afterwards apprenticed to a glazier in his native town. Even then the artistic aspirations were dominating the boy, and all his spare time was given to practising drawing. A local artist kindly gave him some instruction, and at fifteen years of age Phillip was able to paint passable portraits. A visit, in the capacity of glazier, to the house of a Major Gordon, turned the current of his life. He was discovered by the major absorbed in interest of the pictures that hung on his walls, and he took the boy and introduced him to Lord Panmure, who not only bought some of his productions, but undertook to bear the expense of his going to London to study seriously. In 1839 he succeeded in exhibiting for the first time at the Academy. It was not, however, until he discovered Spain artistically, and at the same time his own full powers, that success in any measure came to him. He was elected an Associate in 1857 and a Royal Academician two years later.

His Spanish pictures were hailed with acclamation as something new in art; they came at a moment when picture lovers were satiated with representations of English and Scottish peasant life. He entered fully into the joyous life of the South and painted it with love, and he was ready to sympathise with its tragedies and to laugh at its comedies: he came to appreciate to the full the gladsome colour of the country, and developed an ability to render it, which marks him as one of the finest colourists of the British School.



HER EYES ARE WITH HER THOUGHTS, AND THEY ARE FAR AWAY

By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. (1838—1898)

IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. GEORGE HOLT

In the later years of his life, that is to say while he occupied the position of Keeper of the Royal Academy, Calderon turned his attention almost entirely to classic subjects, probably from the opportunities they afforded for flesh and drapery painting. They were always pleasing, but they lacked the spirit of classicism which Leighton, for instance, imparted to his works of this nature. Calderon always loved a pretty face, and one felt that these classic figures of his depended merely upon the costume for their association with classic times: the faces were unmistakably those of pretty English girls. This is amply illustrated in the picture now under notice.

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., has told the following story of the critical period in Calderon's life, when the question whether art or commerce was to find employment for his future years. His first picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1853, and then followed a time when it seemed as though success as a painter was not to be his lot, and he felt that the city office would have to supply the means of livelihood. One more effort, however, was decided upon, and upon that his fate should turn: one more picture should be painted and its effect should determine the future. "The subject he chose was 'Broken Vows,' probably suggested by Longfellow, a poet for whom, in those days, he had a great liking. And the young lady who sat for his principal figure was his future wife—even his wedding depended upon the success of this production. I remember with what interest his nearest friends watched the progress of the work, none having any doubt that the desired object would be attained by it, and that P. H. Calderon would not have to go into the city to seek employment. 'Broken Vows' was not only a subject likely to be popular, since it represented a young lady who accidentally discovers her lover to be faithless, but was painted in the new spirit of Pre-Raphaelitism; and without doubt the heart of the painter was in his work, for he not only depicted the ivy leaves, the old wall, and the grey palings with loving care, but it may be supposed that he was still more interested in his fair sitter. The picture was finished, was well received by the Academy and the public, was sold, and was engraved. The battle was won! Henceforth the finances of a city firm, or the drawings in an engineer's office would have to do without the assistance of Philip Hermogenes Calderon, the descendant of Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, the great Spanish poet."

PORTRAIT OF THE SPANISH ADMIRAL PULIDO-PAREJA

By VELAZQUEZ (1599—1660)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Like several other pictures which have for long been credited to the great Spaniard this wonderful portrait has been the mark of erudite critics. The pupil and son-in-law of Velazquez, J. B. del Mazo, it is in their opinion, who should be proclaimed the master-painter who produced it. If this be the case then certainly the pupil equalled the master. But the official catalogue steadfastly maintains the attribution to Velazquez, and until definite proof is forthcoming that it should be otherwise, it must hold the field. In the meantime we have the recorded story of the picture by Palomino the biographer of Velazquez to interest and entertain us. He states: "In the year 1639 he (Velazquez) made the picture of Don Adrian Pulido-Pareja, a native of Madrid, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Admiral of the Fleet of New Spain, who about that time was here transacting various official matters with His Majesty. This portrait is life size, and is among the most famous painted by Velazquez, on which account he did put his name to it, which he otherwise seldom did · *Didacus Velazquez fecit: Philip IV a cubiculo, etusque Pictor, anno 1639.* The King, one day, paying his customary visit to the painter, mistook the picture for the Admiral himself, and rebuked him for tarrying in Madrid when he had been ordered away. Perceiving his mistake he addressed Velazquez with the words 'I assure you I have been deceived.'" Palomino further records that the portrait was painted with brushes of unusual length so that Velazquez could focus at the same time both sitter and canvas.

Pulido-Pareja was the national hero of Spain for a time owing to his splendid defence of the town of Fontarabia against a French attack. With but a small garrison he not only successfully withstood a siege but eventually drove off the invaders. It was for this deed that he received the Cross of Santiago.

The picture was acquired in 1890 from the Longford Collection, together with Holbein's "Ambassadors" and Moroni's "Portrait of an Italian Nobleman," for the sum of £55,000.

ADRIAN
PVLIDOPAREJA

A "WHIP" FOR VAN TROMP: THE ADMIRALTY, 1652

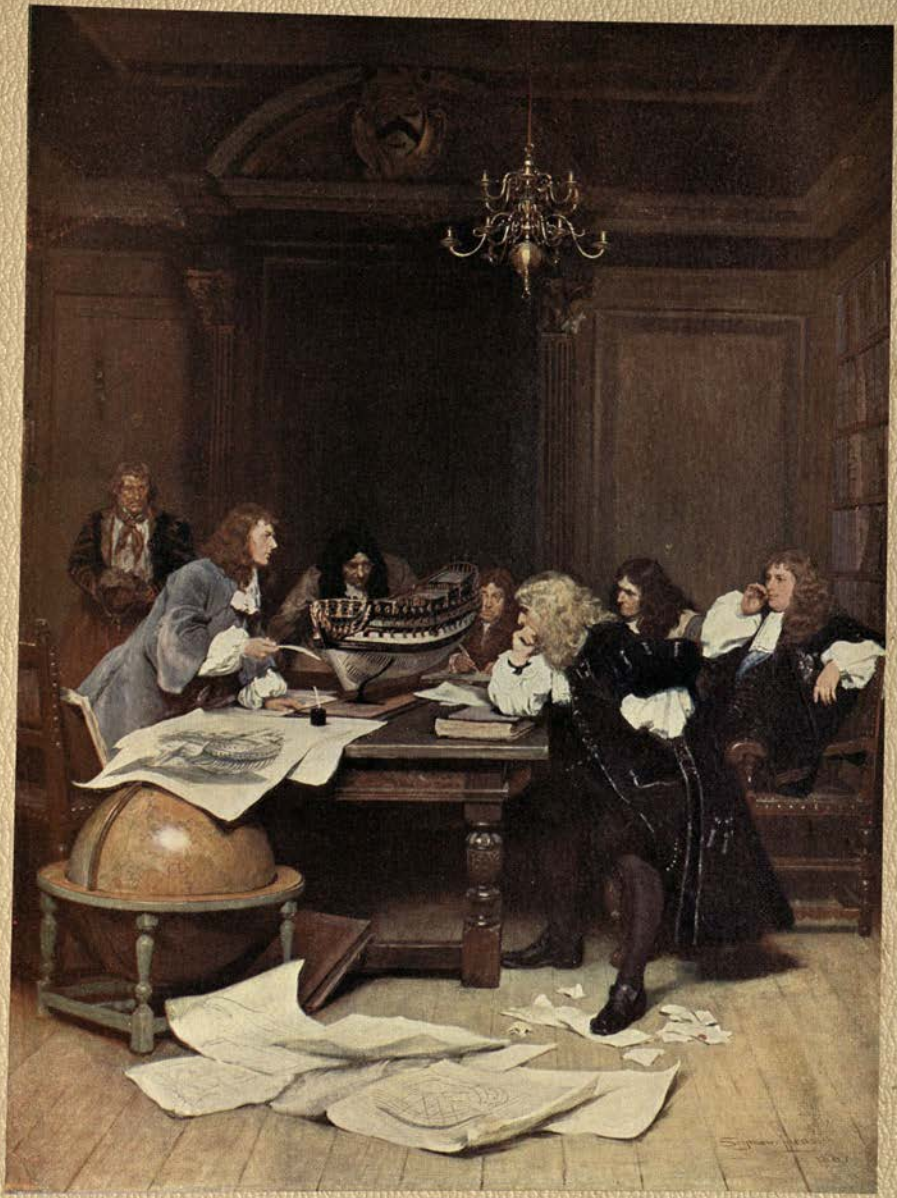
By J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

IN THE LEICESTER ART GALLERY

Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1883, this picture did much to establish the painter's reputation and secure his election to the associateship three years later. It represents a scene that very well might have happened in those troublesome times for the Lords of the Admiralty, when the Dutch fleet with a broom at the mast-head of that spry admiral, Van Tromp, swept the English ships from the North Sea, and harried them even when they had reached the Thames. It was a serious time for "my Lords" and they must have welcomed any suggestions for vessels that could out-class the Dutchman's. It was in 1652 that the "great master-shipwright," Peter Pett of Deptford, died, and this beautiful model under examination might well have come from his designs. The old sea-dog standing in the background must have listened impatiently to the talk of the controllers of the fleet as they discussed the merits and demerits of the ship, the points of which they evidently did not understand.

It was in 1652, however, that Blake with "a whip at his fore" avenged the English defeats by smashing De Ruyter in the Downs, and Van Tromp off Portland, and in the following year defeating their combined fleets off the Texel, and so finally asserting England's supremacy of the sea.

Mr. Seymour Lucas was born in 1849, and as a boy was apprenticed as a wood-carver to Gerard Robinson, a celebrated maker of sideboards. It was as a wood-carver that the future Royal Academician's first success was scored, for when less than sixteen years of age he exhibited at the Society of Arts a group, "Wallace at the Battle of Stirling," carved out of a single block of wood. This led to an interest being taken in him by some artistic relatives, and he went to his cousin John Templeton Lucas to learn the art of painting. At twenty-one he passed into the Royal Academy Schools. When his term there expired there was a brief time of anxiety as to where the means of subsistence were to come from, but his first commission for two little *genre* pictures at eight guineas each put an end to that, and heralded the success that has been his consistent lot since.



BEYOND MAN'S FOOTSTEPS

By BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

The animal-painter in England has, perhaps, a harder task to secure popular favour than any of his brethren of the brush. To the public at large there is, even now, but one great British animal-painter—Landseer. All others since have had to endure comparison with him, and so tenacious is the Landseer tradition that the popular vote is always cast against the modern worker in this direction. Moreover, the tradition has affected some of the painters themselves: the temptation to court public favour has been too strong, and animal-pictures with the Landseer touch of human sentiment have never been lacking in any Academy exhibition since that artist's death. Even Mr. Briton Riviere, one of our finest living animal-painters, has, at times, fallen under the spell and given us pictures which have almost out-Landseered Landseer. But, fortunately, these lapses have been rare, and there are many canvases which bear testimony to his great individuality. His deep knowledge of animal anatomy, his keen observation, and close study of form and movement have been demonstrated so often that it is unnecessary to cite examples. This weird painting of an Arctic landscape, with the solitary polar bear as its representation of animal life, worthily represents this finer side of his art in the Chantrey Collection, for which it was purchased in 1894.

Mr. Briton Riviere was born in 1840, a descendant of an old Huguenot family which found refuge in England at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His artistic talents were part of his birthright, for his grandfather, Dr. Riviere, was a medallist at the Royal Academy and a water-colour painter of note, and his father was the art master at Cheltenham College, and later on was the means of securing the admission of art into the curriculum at Oxford. It was from his father that Mr. Briton Riviere had his early teaching in drawing and painting; he afterwards proceeded to Oxford and took his M.A. degree. He exhibited first at the Royal Academy in 1858 with a picture entitled "Rest from Labour," and was elected an Associate in 1878, and a full Academician in 1881.

BUBBLES

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A. (1829—1896)

IN THE POSSESSION OF MESSRS. A. & F. PEARS & SON

Painted in 1886 this delightful picture was exhibited in the same year at Messrs. Tooth and Sons' Gallery. Adapted to the purposes of advertisement it has become probably better known throughout the world than any other picture ever painted. Through the enterprise of its owners it created almost a revolution in "artistic" advertising, although such a purpose was far from the artist's mind when he painted it. It is of interest here that the model for this delightful boy was the artist's grandson, Master Willie James.

Next to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais did more for the representation of the child in art than any other English painter. Almost from the very commencement of his career he showed a passionate fondness for the delineation of children, and not necessarily for pretty children either, as is exemplified in the baby in "The Order of Release" (No. 32 in this series). At the first, at any rate, it was childhood, as such, that appealed chiefly to him and it has been justly said of his early period works of this kind that "he saw the beauty of childhood even in ugly children." It was in 1879 with "Cherry Ripe" that he commenced that long series of child subjects which marked his closing years —pictures which often served as Christmas number supplements and which brought him into disfavour with some of the critics.

All his painted children were typically English, and concerning this point he once expressed himself to an interviewer, "I should very much like to paint a large devotional picture having for its subject 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' I should feel the greatest delight in painting it, but the first question that occurs to me is, what children do we care about? Why our own fair English children, of course, not the brown-eyed simous-looking children of Syria —and with what sense of fitness could I paint the Saviour bare-headed under the sun of Palestine surrounded by dusky gypsy-like children, or on the other hand translate the whole scene to England? I should be weighed down by the sense of non-reality in so treating the divinely beautiful subject." It will doubtless occur to many that where Millais hesitated and doubted, Von Uhde attempted successfully.

THE VIGIL

By JOHN PETTIE, R.A. (1839—1893)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1884, this picture was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in the same year for the sum of £1,000. Although not a characteristic example of Pettie's work, in that it lacks the spirited movement of incident which marks his most successful canvases, this representation of a newly-created knight passing the night-watches in solemn vigil before the altar, shows the painter's skill as a colourist and his keen appreciation of light effects.

From the commencement of his career Pettie had a leaning to the romantic—his first picture, hung in the Royal Scottish Academy when he was but nineteen years of age, was entitled "The Prison Pet," and showed a manacled prisoner in a dungeon sharing his dinner with a rat. Its success served as an indication to the young painter that he was on the right lines: the picture was bought by the Society for the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland for £35. In 1860 Pettie, with several of his fellow students, came to London and was in time to take part in the renaissance of book illustration which was the art feature of the 'sixties. One of his first commissions came from Dr. Norman McLeod, the Editor of "Good Words," for an illustration to one of his own stories. McLeod called at the studio one day to see how the picture was progressing and failed to recognise the artist in the youthful looking person by whom he was received. On announcing his errand he was shown the picture and when taking his leave, said, "I'm sorry to have missed Mr. Pettie, but you will tell him, my lad, that I have been here and am well pleased with the work." Explanations followed, of course, and a friendship formed which was of mutual advantage both to artist and editor.

His experience as an illustrator was of invaluable service to him, for most of the work had to be drawn direct on to the wood-block, necessitating an absolutely clear vision of what was to be done, and a sure hand in its execution. The habit of concentration thus formed influenced his life's work, and, combined with enthusiasm for all that he undertook, enabled him to paint with a vigour and speed which oftentimes astonished even his fellow artists. His election as a Royal Academician occurred when he was only thirty-five years of age, an event which indicates the high appreciation of his work formed by his contemporaries.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LAWYER

By GIAMBATTISTA MORONI (1525—1578)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

As noted in connection with "The Portrait of a Tailor" (see No. 70) Moroni had the gift of seizing upon the very characters of his sitters and so infusing, as it were, their personalities into his painted presentments of them. This "Lawyer" lives just as does the "Tailor." He might have been snapshotted in the course of a conversation with a client in the which he points assuringly to the letter he holds in his hand. It may not be great art in the light of the interpretation of that term to-day, but it certainly has that "something more" which marks the difference between a mere display of imitative painting and the work of an artist. His portraits betray no effort to secure an effect, they are simple and direct, sincere in every stroke of the brush. He saw the man before him and painted him as he saw him in his everyday life. His "Tailor" is plying his shears, his "Lawyer" is evidently on business bent, his "Noblemen" suggest the gallantry and the aloofness of the aristocracy of their day. In the Dublin National Gallery there is a group of three, a man and his two children, a boy and a girl. He has a hand over the shoulder of each child and suggests that he is their sole protector—that he is a widower with these little ones dependent upon him. It has been suggested that it might be the painter himself, but there is nothing to justify this.

As a painter of men's portraits he was great, and it could hardly have needed Titian's recommendation to secure the admiration of his fellow countrymen, for it must have been obvious to all that his work was truthful and good. Curiously enough his portraits of women are as weak as his early religious work, as the full length portrait of an Italian lady in the National Gallery sufficiently instances. She is seated most uncomfortably in a big chair and has neither grace nor beauty.

Moroni may be looked upon as about the first specialist in portraiture—that is to say, as a painter who devoted himself chiefly to painting portraits: whose other work, if he does any, is unimportant. His contemporaries of note were ready to accept commissions of any kind—they were painters, and would do an altar-piece as readily as a portrait. But Moroni evidently made portrait-painting his business, and portraits of men his speciality.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR

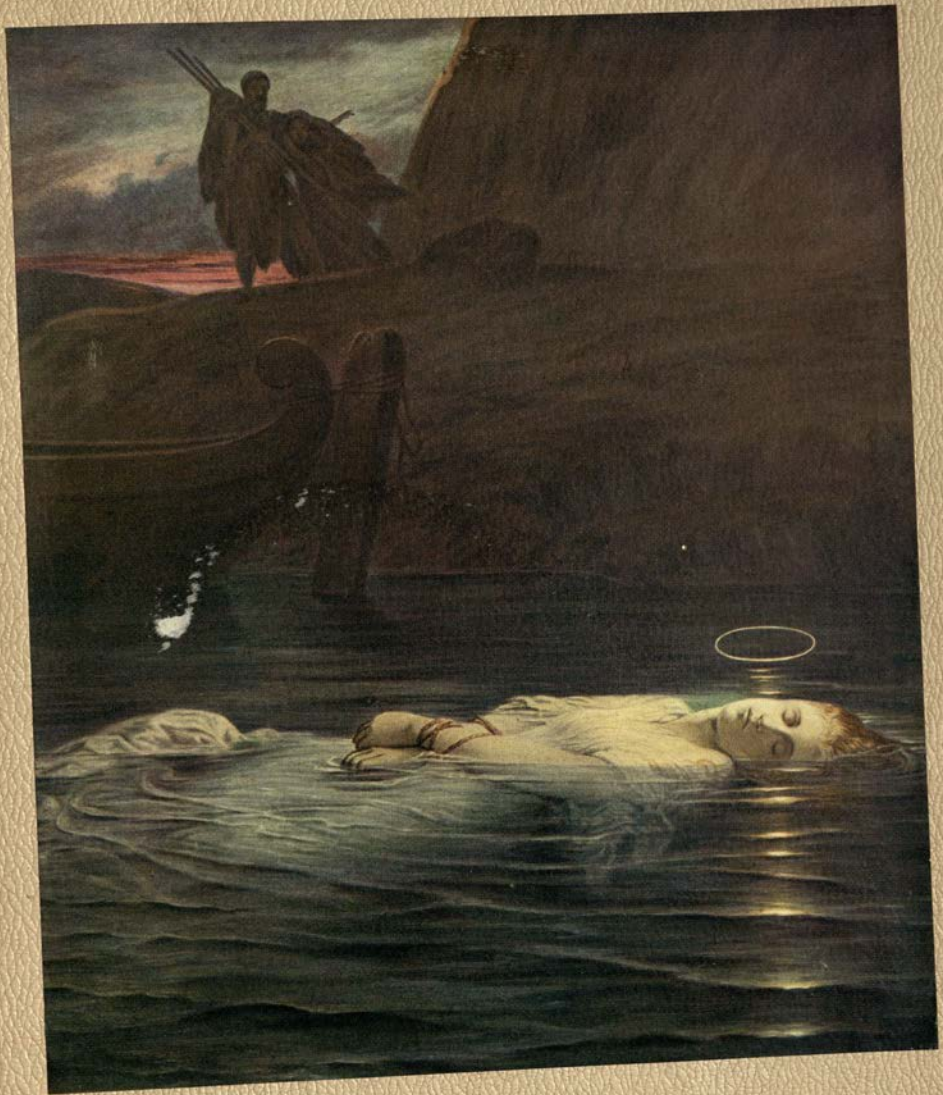
By PAUL DELAROCHE (1797—1856)

IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

The son of a wealthy art dealer, Hippolyte—or Paul as he is more generally known—Delaroche, found his aspirations to an artistic career favoured and encouraged from the first. Indeed, the fortunate circumstances of his youth seemed to cling to him all through his life. Success never deserted him in his career as a painter; from his entrance to the studio of Gros to the execution of his *tour de force,* the great wall-paintings in the École des Beaux-Arts, all his pictorial enterprises were successful. His great ability as draughtsman and painter enabled him to overcome easily any technical difficulties. True he had no great ideals: his method of painting was simple and direct—approaching to hardness at times—but in every work was shown his sureness of hand in the drawing, his realistic interpretation of the incident which formed his subject. He is esteemed as the foremost historical painter of France, for it was in that direction that his skill was chiefly exercised. Many of his subjects, curiously enough, were taken from English history and his "Princes in the Tower," "Strafford on the way to Execution receiving Laud's blessing," "The Death of Queen Elizabeth" and "The Execution of Lady Jane Grey"—now in the National Gallery—are among his best known works.

"The Christian Martyr" is, perhaps, one of the most widely known pictures of the world, and is one of the few pictures in which Delaroche gave rein to sentiment. This beautiful girl, cruelly done to death and cast contemptuously into the Tiber, is as one writer puts it, "so pathetic that criticism feels hard-harted and ashamed before it." But W. E. Henley in one of his excursions into art criticism said of it, that it was "a good theatrical picture," and that Jean François Millet, when looking at it, "might have noted something of the religious panorama and something of the magic lantern."

The influence of Delaroche on European painting, as F. G. Stephens said, "was enormous, and though it has now utterly declined, its traces have by no means been entirely eradicated, even in the productions of to-day. Still the master to whom we owe the great *Hémicycle* of the École des Beaux-Arts is entitled to something better than the contemptuous neglect with which it is to-day the fashion to pass him over, especially in his own country."



THE VALE OF REST

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A. (1829—1896)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Painted in 1859, when, as the artist himself said, he "emerged from his artistic puberty" and broke away in a measure from strict Pre-Raphaelite methods, this picture called forth a storm of protest against Millais and his work. Even Ruskin, his aforetime champion, deserted him and wrote of the "frightfulness" of the figures, although he had to acknowledge its greatness of sentiment. The first part of the criticism, together with *Punch's* note on "the terrible nuns in the churchyard," cannot now be appreciated, as Millais repainted the faces of the nuns after the picture was first exhibited.

When shown at the Academy, the words "Where the weary find repose" formed the sub-title in the catalogue. The subject, it is said, was suggested to Millais by a somewhat similar scene witnessed by him in France, though the actual scene was painted from Kinnoul Churchyard in Perthshire, near Lady Millais's home. Its wondrously painted sky, in which floats a coffin-shaped cloud —according to a Scottish legend the omen of death—its line of cypress and poplar trees, and the grass billows telling of nameless graves of other sisters who have found repose, combine to form the finest outcome of the painter's talent. There can be no wonder that of all his works Millais esteemed this his favourite. But the public would have none of it, and for years it lacked a buyer at £600, though when Sir Henry Tate bought it at the Graham Sale he paid £3,150 to secure it for his collection.

Mr. Spielmann has recorded his opinion of the picture in the following words: "I have always felt it to be one of the greatest and most impressive ever painted in England: one in which the sentiment is not mawkish nor the tragedy melodramatic—a picture, indeed, to look at with hushed voice and bowed head: in which the execution is not overwhelmed by the story: nor the story otherwise than emphasised by the composition; and in which the composition is worthy of the handling. . . . Time—that great Old Master to which Millais did homage in act and word—has accomplished the work intended him to do, and it may truly be said that in the National Gallery of British Art there hangs no more impressive, no more powerful work than that which shocked the art world of 1859, and proclaimed the secession of the painter from the sectarianism of a few—that Millais had done with the persecution of an unappreciative majority."

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